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The Results of the War.
Admiralty Extravagance.
The Jamaica Debate.
Mr. Walpole.
Mr. Beales and Mr. Bright.
The Cholera.
The Soul in the Rough.
Yachts.

Extinct Powers.
Out of the Beaten Track.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

FINE ARTS:—
Salviati's Venetian Table-Glass.
Music.
SCIENCE.

MONEY AND COMMERCE:—

The State of Trade.
The Money Market.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

Mr. Swinburne's Poems and Ballads.
Apollonius of Tyana.
Wilberforce and his Friends.
The Letters of Eugénie De Guérin.

The Prometheus Bound of Æschylus.
Cholera.

The Fine Arts Quarterly.
Theological Works.
The Magazines.
Short Notices.

Literary Gossip.
List of New Publications for the Week.

THE RESULTS OF THE WAR.

BEFORE loyal Vichy welcomed its Imperial visitor as the "Pacifier of Europe," it would have been well to make sure, first, that Europe was pacified, and, secondly, that the Emperor really wished to produce, and had been the efficient cause of, that result. Seven years ago we had a peace of Villafranca and a treaty of Zurich—events which, perhaps, may form the subject of questions in the examination of candidates for the diplomatic service, but which have of themselves had no important influence upon the destinies of nations or of men. The armistice of Nikolsburg seems to promise more lasting results, but whether the treaty of Prague, which is expected to succeed it, is likely to produce a settled peace in Central Europe, one cannot easily prognosticate. It is probable that domestic difficulties alone have brought Austria to accept the humiliating terms which her successful rival has imposed. She has still a splendid army in the field, and if the shattered remnants of Sadowa would necessarily come into action with impaired morale, at least there is no abatement of heart or hope amongst the victors of Custoza. Her unsurpassed artillery might hope to sweep the ranks of any foe, no matter how strong or how confident, that tried to force the lines before Vienna. The skilful daring of Tegethoff have made her Istrian and Dalmatian coasts secure, and have infused a spirit of loyalty into the wavering semi-Italian populations of their towns. With time and opportunity, this triumph makes the Austrian navy hope for the supremacy of the Adriatic, even though Venice and Ancona should combine against it, and even speculate, should the star of Hapsburg not set too soon, upon seeing the two-headed eagle spread its wings over the Golden Horn. It will be some consolation to the much-vexed Maximilian amid the uncertainties of his Mexican enterprise, that the service in which he took so great an interest has done itself so much honour, and that the ship called after him has carried the flag of Austria proudly through the lines of a vaunting and a stronger foe. But Francis Joseph may well feel anxious about the possible effects upon his Hungarian subjects of the presence amongst them of the legion led by Klapka and Czapki, and the fact that nine thousand of the men who had fought under Benedek were so ready to fight against their late commander, taken in connection with the reported refusal of some of the Hungarian regiments still in the Austrian lines to fire a shot, is certainly alarming enough. At all costs, the Emperor of Austria must come to a good understanding with the Hungarians, and it is the conviction of this necessity that has probably induced him to accept so unreservedly the hard conditions of victorious Prussia. There is no reason to suppose that Prussia is dissatisfied with the present results of her success. *Qui trop embrasse mal étreint*, and she will probably secure her hold upon the ample armful now in her possession, before attempting further acquisitions. But it is obvious enough that France looks upon her triumphs with an envious eye, and the possibility of the North German realm attracting to it gradually the territories south of the Maine, is one which no Frenchman, from the Emperor to the *ouvrier*, can be expected to regard with composure. We no longer hear of France extending her frontier along the uniform line of the Rhine, but it is thought very probable that, before long, a Prussian sentinel

may be found on guard at the Kehl side of the bridge of Strasburg, and there are some fanatics at Berlin who even speak of the restoration of Alsace to the unity of the German Fatherland. We further hear that the purchase of cavalry and draught horses for the use of the French army, which had been discontinued at the outbreak of hostilities between the German Powers, has now been resumed on an "unlimited" scale, and on terms most satisfactory to all who have such animals to dispose of. In view of such facts, the pacific dispositions of the French Government are not sufficiently evident.

The statesmen of Italy, we dare say, are well content with the position in which their country now stands. She is free, and mistress of her own destinies, "from the Alps to the Adriatic." Over the forts of the impregnable Quadrilateral her flag is soon to wave, and what was a menace is to become a security. The army which has drained her treasure, and almost her life blood, to exhaustion may soon be reduced considerably; and her navy, which is evidently a good deal more "at sea" than even our own—according to Messrs. Seely and Samuda—may be re-equipped and increased. Peace is to her now a necessity and a blessing. But if her statesmen and rational thinkers are alive to these patent facts, there are millions of her people so blinded by passion as to lose sight of them altogether. "Whom shall we hang?" is with most Italians the great question of the hour. Persano, once so popular, is threatened specifically with the fate of Admiral Byng, and even Vacca, who is considered to have done his duty fairly, is asked to make way for Galli della Mantica, whom Genoa declares to be the only man "equal to the supreme needs of the country"—another sea-fight, therefore, being, in the opinion of the Genoese and those of their countrymen who agree with them, the most urgent want of Italy at the present time. Of these excited feelings, the Republicans, who call themselves the Party of Action, are well inclined to make their own account, and we are not surprised to hear that numbers of them have left their voluntary or compulsory exile in Paris and other cities, and have returned to Italy for the purpose of inflaming to the utmost the passions of the multitude. Italy, therefore, may possibly afford the French Emperor that opportunity for intervention in the general quarrel for which he is perhaps on the look-out, and the presence of M. Nigra at Vichy seems further to indicate that the action of French policy now sets most strongly in that direction. Under these circumstances, an uneasy feeling of distrust seems to brood over the peace negotiations; and while Prussia has taken care, before granting the armistice, to possess herself of the highway into Hungary through the Jablunka Pass, Austria, on the other hand has ordered a levy of 12,000 men in Western Galicia, and, by the destruction of a railway bridge near Theresienstadt, has rendered direct communication between Prague and Dresden impossible.

One great and permanent result of the war is a large accession of territory, resources, and power to Prussia. Her claim to Schleswig-Holstein is secured, though she may consent to give back a part of the Northern Duchy to Denmark. She is at liberty to annex (and undoubtedly will) Hanover and Brunswick, Electoral Hesse, the Northern part of Grand Ducal Hesse, Nassau, and Frankfort. She will be the paramount and controlling Power in the North German

Confederation, having as her satellites the kingdom of Saxony and the Saxon Duchies of Coburg-Gotha, Weimar, Meiningen, and Altenburg, the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg, the two Mecklenburgs, and other smaller States. The military force of these territories is to be under her command, and they are to have no representation at foreign courts but through her. Such arrangements are evidently provisional. Sooner or later, all these States must be incorporated with Prussia. No objection seems to have been offered by France to the absorption of Hanover. The First Napoleon bequeathed in his last will his "imperishable hatred to the reigning family of England," and, as the King of Hanover is George III.'s grandson, the present Emperor of the French will do nothing capable of being interpreted as an attempt to interfere with his uncle's charitable bequest. He has used his good offices for the King of Saxony, and that kingdom is to retain its integrity. M. Thiers reminded the Emperor of the losses Saxony had sustained in 1815 in punishment of her fidelity to the French cause, and that hint, perhaps, has been taken. But Saxony had also the advantage of an acknowledged *solidarité* with Austria, which Power stipulated for her security; and it is also right to remember that the Queen Dowager of Prussia is the Queen of Saxony's sister.

But, having got this great north German kingdom or empire, as it may be, the question is—What will King William do with it? Is the "blood-and-iron" policy to be persevered in—the "right divine to govern wrong" still to be upheld? Are those educated and intelligent citizens, whose arms have won these grand conquests, to have a voice in making their own law? Are taxes to be imposed upon them which their representatives in Parliament have refused to vote? It is very probable that the material prosperity of the newly-annexed districts will be increased by their union with Prussia, but are they to wear the chains of feudalism and bureaucracy—are they to be moulded and drilled into human machines—highly polished and effective indeed—but still machines? Will the independence of the bench of justice still be tampered with—the immunities of the people's representatives still be disregarded—the press be permitted any sort of freedom? Is the arrogance of Junkerism to continue unabated, and the plebeian to suffer the patrician's insults and outrages with only a mockery of redress? Is North Germany to be a military despotism, or a constitutional monarchy? These questions all await solution, and until we see what that is likely to be, it would be premature to pronounce upon the stability of the new order of things now to be inaugurated. If they have the wisdom to appreciate the inevitable and resistless tendency of events, and conform themselves to it in time, there is a great future before the royal house of Hohenzollern. Not the shouts of conquering legions alone, but the grateful blessings of free citizens, will hail them as the pride and promise of the German Fatherland. But if they fail to understand their rightful destiny, not the less, we hope, will all the united people of Germany advance with fearless and unfaltering tread to the attainment and establishment of their own freedom, and their country's independence.

ADMIRALTY EXTRAVAGANCE.

THE extravagance and blundering of the Board of Admiralty are a perfect mine of wealth to gentlemen in search of reputation as administrative Reformers. Lord Clarence Paget, Mr. Stansfeld, and Mr. Childers have already made their political fortunes by exposing and partially remedying the mistakes and bad management of this unhappy department. But bit-by-bit reform does not answer in the case of a body whose constitution is radically defective. It is simply pouring new wine into the old bottles, or mending the worn garment with fresh cloth. While one leak through which our money filters or flows away is being stopped, another is opening; every promise of amendment is followed by a renewed exposure, such as that which their lordships received the other day at the hands of Mr. Seely. Nothing more damaging to the character of the Board could well be conceived, but the Admiralty have survived so much, that we dare say they will get over this also. It has long been clear to everybody outside the official circle, that no substantial amendment in the conduct of naval affairs will ever take place until the vague and uncertain responsibility of a Board has been replaced by the control of a single Minister, who can be made directly answerable for every mistake. But it can hardly be said that we are any nearer this consummation than we were half a dozen years ago; nor do we expect to attain it, until public opinion is brought to bear on the question in far greater force than has

hitherto been the case. If we may predict the future from the past, that will not be done until the present system breaks down in the crisis of a great war. But in the mean time, it is well that those who care about such matters should know how a considerable portion of the money voted for the navy is frittered away in the dockyards. Nor is there at present a more competent instructor on the point than Mr. Seely. His industry and pertinacity are remarkable. He has acquired a knowledge of the details of administration such as no one except an official ever gained before. And some of his revelations of the "inner life" of our great establishments are certainly of the most extraordinary character.

None of his disclosures are more startling than one with respect to the paving of our dockyards. It seems that about the year 1815 the Admiralty bought an immense quantity of the best pig iron, at £5. 8s. per ton, as ship's ballast. Of course it is easy enough to see that a great job must have been perpetrated in the purchase of so expensive an article for a purpose which would have been equally well served by one of the lowest quality. But we will not dwell on what was done half a century ago. What concerns us is the fact that, in the year 1860, the last Board of Admiralty deliberately commenced laying down this iron as pavement, or building it up into walls. This process was still going on a few weeks ago, when Mr. Seely discovered it. About 31,000 tons of cold blast iron have been thus employed, the value of which (taking it at £5. 5s. per ton), and the cost of laying down, are estimated at £172,273. The best paving and brick walls would have cost £19,577; so that, since 1860, there has been a loss of £151,696 by the employment of the iron. But that is not all. The Admiralty have not even the poor excuse that they did not want the metal, and that it did not occur to them to sell it. For, during the whole time that they were wasting it in the way we have described, they were actually buying considerable quantities of the same iron at a high price. It is impossible to attribute such a transaction as this to anything but sheer stupidity and ignorance on the part of the dockyard officers. No one could have gained a penny by the transaction, and therefore we may lay aside the idea of corruption. But there is a carelessness and a wanton wastefulness in this application of the national property which, in men charged with the duty of protecting it, falls little short of criminality. The expenditure on anchors during the last few years is another singular, and, we must add, rather suspicious, feature of recent Admiralty administration. According to Mr. Seely we have in six or seven years paid Messrs. Brown, Lennox, & Co. about £170,000 more than the market price of the anchors with which they have supplied the navy. It is, of course, said that market price is no test in a case of this kind, because we must have the very best article for the navy, at any cost. But, unfortunately for this argument, the report of the Anchor Committee (composed of distinguished naval officers) in 1853 showed in the most conclusive manner that the navy anchor was the worst save one of eight competing anchors, and that it was, in fact, wanting in every essential quality. Trotman's anchor was proved by the experiments of the committee to be 28 per cent. better than its favoured competitors; and so well is the superiority of the former anchor known, that the Queen's yacht, the vessels of the Peninsula and Oriental and Cunard Companies, and the *Great Eastern* are all supplied with it, while the safety of our ships-of-war is committed to those of which such an officer as Admiral Sullivan would say, "There is no objection more strongly felt in the service with respect to the material of the navy than the inferiority of the anchors supplied to our fleet by the Admiralty." It is difficult to understand this pertinacious preference for Brown, Lennox, & Co., nor is this difficulty lessened when we find that from 1854 to 1858 they were permitted to raise the price of small anchors—of which at that time we required an unusual number—from 25s. 5d. to 40s. the cwt., although the market value of anchors was stationary during that period, and this very firm made no increased charge for the large anchors, of which the navy only took a small number. It is, of course, idle to say that the price of the small anchors was advanced because there was a large demand, for, as Mr. Seely observed, the greatest quantity the Admiralty required in one year was 1,000 tons, and there were at least twenty makers who could each make 2,000 tons of these anchors. We should be sorry to indulge in insinuations for which there may ultimately turn out to be no foundation. But we have a right to say that the monopoly granted to Messrs. Brown & Lennox is a subject which requires the most careful and searching investigation. Sir John Pakington has promised to give it immediate attention, and we trust that he will fully redeem his engagement.

One of the most singular anomalies in our Admiralty management is the great difference between the cost of producing the same articles at the various dockyards. Until very recently, the Board were wholly ignorant that this was the case, for they never had the slightest idea of the actual expenditure upon anything they turned out. Since the fact was pointed out to them, we are bound to believe that they have done their best to secure an equally economical and efficient mode of working in all the yards; but with what very imperfect success will be seen when we mention that within the last two or three years there was a difference of 27½ per cent. between Chatham and Portsmouth in so simple a thing as the fitting out of boats. Not only does this prove that there must be great extravagance at the dearer dockyard, but it shows that the Admiralty exercises no adequate control over these establishments. If, however, we were asked to point out the way in which the most money is wasted, we should say without hesitation—in repairs. Repairing is evidently the favourite work of the dockyard people. They had rather mend an old vessel than build a new one—and it is easy to see why. Even people who are not very exact or careful can form some idea of the time and money which ought to be expended in the construction of a ship of any given tonnage. But it is difficult even for those who know pretty well what they are about, to say how much it will cost or has cost to repair a vessel. Unless there is the strictest supervision, there are endless opportunities of wasting both time and money upon a job of this nature. Still while we admit that the dockyard officials have good grounds for their partiality, we must observe that they have ridden their hobby rather too hard. Even the serene complacency of Sir John Pakington was disturbed by the information that it often cost two or three times as much to repair an old boat as to construct a new one. Nor is it only in boats that this kind of waste goes on. Mr. Seely showed that on more than one ship the expenditure for repairs considerably exceeded the first cost. Into other instances of the extravagance and mismanagement of the Board of Admiralty we cannot follow the hon. member, because we desire to call attention to the immediate cause of the abuses which we condemn.

In spite of much promise and some performance in the way of improved account keeping, it is clear that the Admiralty have as yet very imperfect means of ascertaining whether they get value for their money. There are no accounts in existence which show exactly what everything costs, and in what way. At present, salaries, rents, repairs, and interest, are all lumped together, and divided amongst all the ships. The result is that the economical dockyard has to bear part of the expenditure of the extravagant yard, while the latter appears in a far better light than it ought to do. Not only does this introduce confusion into the accounts, but it naturally tends to diminish the zeal of any dockyard official who might be smitten with an unusual passion for economy. Then we have as yet no means of comparing the cost of a ship built in the Royal dockyards with the cost of the same ship in a private yard. The Admiralty have no doubt produced a balance-sheet, which they allege to contain the information; but Mr. Seely had no difficulty in showing—partly in fact from official admissions—that it greatly understated the expense of dockyard construction. No doubt we must expect to pay more for our ships if we build than if we buy them, because if we have dockyards they must always be kept up on a large scale, whatever may be the amount of work actually done in them. But then we ought to know exactly what we pay in order to secure a great public advantage, and what we simply waste. Until we do so we shall never be in a position to enforce a due economy, nor shall we be able to determine how far it is desirable to carry on the construction of our present men-of-war in the dockyards, and how far to obtain them from private builders. The hon. member for Lincoln has done excellent service in calling attention to these points, and we trust that his labours will not be altogether thrown away. The most perfect system of account keeping will not of itself make good management. But it will do the next best thing—it will expose bad management, and will thus pave the way for the introduction of an improved system of administration.

THE JAMAICA DEBATE.

THERE can be no doubt that Mr. Buxton was fully justified in bringing the unfortunate outbreak in Jamaica, and the measures adopted for its suppression, under the consideration

of the House of Commons. Indeed, it would have been nothing short of a national scandal had Parliament separated without formally condemning the reckless inhumanity of proceedings which have cast disgrace on our name. We cannot shake off the responsibility of allowing a state of things in which such deeds were possible, to exist in our principal West Indian Island. We have been guilty of great negligence and carelessness in the government of the colony, and to any censure which may be passed upon us for that we must submit in silence. But we are not fairly answerable for Governor Eyre's having lost his head in a trying emergency, or for the atrocities which subordinate officers perpetrated under his tacit sanction. It was both our right and our duty to disavow any complicity in acts of wanton barbarity which we had no means of preventing; and to do all we can, by a solemn national censure, to prevent other colonial governors from following a pernicious example. This was so obvious, that Mr. Buxton's first resolution was unanimously accepted by the House. Indeed, after the Report of the Royal Commissioners, it would have been impossible to negative it without repudiating the conclusions at which they had arrived after a careful and impartial inquiry on the spot. In an assembly like the House of Commons there will, of course, always be eccentric individuals who are prepared to maintain the most extreme opinions. And we are, therefore, not at all surprised that Governor Eyre should have found some thorough-going defenders. But the general sense of the House was unmistakeably adverse to him upon one vital point. Whatever may be thought of the original character of the outbreak, and of the danger which menaced the white and coloured people, it is clear that, long after the danger was past, men and women were flogged and shot by hundreds, without anything that can be called a trial, and at the mere caprice of junior officers. For this Mr. Eyre was immediately responsible, because, on his own showing, he continued a state of martial law for a full fortnight after the necessity for extreme measures ceased. We have it under his hand that the rebellion was suppressed on the 15th of October, and we know that after that date more than 300 persons were put to death. The mere juxtaposition of these facts is fatal to Mr. Eyre's character as a ruler, and whatever may have been his services or his merits in other respects, it was fitting that the House of Commons should put into words the inference which they irresistably suggest. So far from thinking such a resolution "inconvenient and uncalled-for," we think it most expedient and indeed necessary. At the same time, it seems to us that the House also took the right course in manifesting its indisposition to the other resolutions which it was asked to adopt. While there is reason to believe that the Government are not neglecting the duty of bringing offenders to justice, it is not desirable that a branch of the legislature should step forward to press on prosecutions. And therefore, as soon as Mr. Adderley stated that the present, adhered to the instructions given by the late Government with respect to the punishment of those who had been guilty of excesses, it became undesirable to record any formal opinion on that point. The resolutions with respect both to compensation and to an amnesty, were too loosely drawn to be adopted by any deliberative assembly with any regard for its own character. And although their spirit might be unexceptionable, there was a still further objection to any declaration of opinion on the points with which they dealt. Our great object must now be to pacify Jamaica in the fullest sense of the word. We want to make the population not only tranquil but content. We desire to obliterate class prejudices, and to extinguish the antipathies of rival races. That object, as Mr. Cardwell truly observed, is far more likely to be attained by leaving unfettered the hands of a man like Sir John Grant, than by hampering him with resolutions which would inevitably be considered partial and one-sided. Justice must be done to the blacks; but the best interests of the colony would be compromised by giving them an apparent triumph over the whites. This, however, must have been the effect of resolutions, "the second of which tells the Governor to deal with severity towards the white, and the last to give amnesty to the black, while the third proposes to give compensation only to the black." Holding these views, it is unnecessary to say that we concur in the course pursued by the Government; but we cannot extend the same approbation to the speech of Mr. Adderley. Nothing more feeble, more partial, more undignified in tone and temper, has fallen in recent times from the organ of an Administration. It is difficult to say whether the mode in which he quibbled over the terms of the resolutions, or the audacity with which he misrepresented the report of the Royal Commission, furnished

the more painful exhibition of official incapacity. It is not necessary to say more by way of comment upon his fitness for the post which he fills, than that he had the hardihood to defend the execution of Gordon.

Although the question of prosecuting Mr. Eyre was not raised by the resolutions, the speech of Mr. Mill brought it prominently before the House. Aply as the grounds for such a proceeding were stated, they entirely fail to convince us of its propriety. Our reasons for deprecating the trial of the late Governor of Jamaica are not based on legal considerations, but on a regard to the broad justice of the case. Even if the judges should hold—which they would not—that Mr. Eyre had been guilty of murder, the common sense and the instinctive feeling of the country would cry out against such a decision. He has deserved the disgrace which has befallen him. Fair reasons might be given, although we should not concur in them, for his impeachment. He might be arraigned, like Warren Hastings, “in the hall of William Rufus,” for high crimes and misdemeanours. But put his guilt as high as you like, you cannot pretend to say that it is the guilt of Palmer or of Müller. Assuming that our rough and unscientific system of criminal law, renders it possible to bring the two technically under the same denomination the moral difference between them is such that it would be alike inexpedient and unjust to treat both in the same manner. The Jamaica Committee themselves obviously feel this, for after recommending that Mr. Eyre should be charged with murder, they immediately refer to the Royal prerogative of mercy in terms which can have but one meaning. They do not want to hang Mr. Eyre—we give them credit for that; what they do want is, under the pretence of a trial for murder, to have a legal argument on the powers and responsibility of a Colonial Governor under martial law. Now, for our own part, we object in the strongest manner to so gross an abuse of a trial for life or death. No man, or body of men, have a right to put a fellow-creature in the dock of the Old Bailey on a charge of murder unless they believe that he is not only legally but morally guilty, and are prepared to see him suffer the punishment which the law awards to his crime. We do not indeed believe that Mr. Eyre will ever reach the dock, even should Mr. Mill and his friends persevere in their ill-advised resolution. The grand jury is in general a very useless body, but in the present case it will, in all probability, prevent a great public scandal, by ignoring any bill which may be presented to it. Whatever might have been the case had the Royal Commission reported that there never was a rebellion, or the danger of rebellion in Jamaica, Mr. Eyre now stands before us as a man who—in the opinion of the most competent authorities—saved an English colony and the lives of English men and women by the vigour, energy, and promptitude of his measures. Whatever he did, was done in the *bonâ-fide* belief that it was necessary to attain that paramount object. Illegal and unjust as was his conduct in the case of Gordon—and we have over and over again condemned it in the strongest manner—there can be no doubt that he shared the conviction, at that time universal amongst all the white and coloured men in the island, that there was a conspiracy for a general massacre, that Gordon was at the head of it, and that his execution, by striking terror into the conspirators, was the measure most likely to restore tranquillity to the island. If there were any substantial grounds for imputing personal or malicious motives, the case would be very different; but it is evident that, if we expect men to act as colonial governors at all, we must be prepared to make great allowances for the errors—even for the deeply censurable errors, which may be committed by a man who finds himself at the head of a very small force amongst a population either in rebellion or on the verge of it,—who is urged on by the fears, by the exaggerated statements, by the fierce hatred and resentment of those of his own race who surround him,—and who is, perhaps, without a single counsellor to whisper moderation or to support him in his resistance to the pressure which is constantly put upon him. As Mr. Cardwell observed, Mr. Eyre has a right to ask that in judging his conduct we should recollect that he was the only man who, amidst the anxieties and chances of the first days of the outbreak, retained some portion of his self-possession and courage. It was he who refused the proposals to send for aid to Cuba, to put Kingston under martial law, and to proclaim four other parishes. Surely these things ought to be remembered in considering the conduct of a public man; and although they ought not to exempt his errors from censure, they certainly ought to deter both the Government and private individuals from attempting to strain the law against him. A further ground of extenuation may also be urged on Mr. Eyre's behalf. The statutes of Jamaica, and it

seems of many of our West India islands, facilitate the punishment of martial law in a most dangerous manner, even if they do not enforce it upon the governor in case of disturbance. He had the distinct warrant of law for taking upon himself the powers Mr. Eyre assumed, and it is probable that the existence of the Jamaica statute alone would be a sufficient bar to any indictment. But be that as it may, it could not fail to colour and influence materially his ideas of his duties and responsibilities. Instead of embarking on a fruitless prosecution, the Jamaica Committee had better turn their attention to the repeal of these highly objectionable colonial statutes, and to the task of defining more accurately than has yet been done the powers which a proclamation of martial law confers upon a governor, together with the mode, and with what safeguards these may best be exercised. In that work the public opinion of the country will support them as decidedly as it will oppose them in the one they have announced their intention of undertaking. The one would be fruitful in useful results, the other can only keep alive animosities which it is desirable to extinguish.

MR. WALPOLE.

WHEN the Earl of Derby, bound to justify the existence of a party which he had helped to create out of the chaos of disrupted Conservatism, accepted office in 1852, he found himself in far more serious difficulties as to the formation of a Cabinet than those which he has had to encounter lately. When he had given the Exchequer to Mr. Disraeli, not because of his special fitness for the post, but because he was less glaringly unfit than any other possible candidate (Mr. Thomas Baring having declined the office)—when he had intrusted the Presidency of the India Board (as it then was) to Mr. Herries, who, though a superannuated and incompetent official, was the only member of the new Cabinet, we believe, except the Premier and the Lord Chancellor (Lord St. Leonards), who had previously been a Privy Councillor—when he had placed Lord Malmesbury at the Foreign Office, with our present Foreign Secretary under him, possibly to revise the grammar of his chief's despatches—when he had consigned our Colonies to a chairman of quarter sessions (Sir J. Pakington), of whom the Duke of Wellington declared that he had never heard of him before; he was still sorely puzzled what to do with the Seals of the Home Department. One of the most promising members of his party was a gentleman in fair practice at the Chancery Bar, a silk-gown too, and one who would probably have been appointed a law-officer of the new Government had it not been that Lord Derby was already well-provided in that respect, Sir Robert Peel's Attorney-General and Solicitor-General having both attached themselves to the Protectionist cause. Of an almost clerical appearance, and an entirely clerical manner, it was not difficult to recognise in him the nephew of that Mr. Perceval who, when Prime Minister, edified the country by the regularity of his church-going habits, and the disciplined array of his serious family. Nothing in him recalled the burly Norfolk squire who kept England in order by the soup plates under which his parliamentary guests were wont to discover the reward of their patriotic votes. His maiden speech had been highly complimented by Sir Robert Peel, and in truth his style and delivery savoured somewhat of that great statesman, but still more of his favourite pupil, Mr. Gladstone. This was the member for Midhurst, Mr. Spencer Horatio Walpole. It was a sacrifice in Mr. Walpole's case to renounce his fair hopes of professional advancement, with the woollack itself possibly in reversion, and to accept even one of the highest offices in a Cabinet so ill-formed as to be evidently incapable of holding long together, and having no stronger basis than a Parliamentary minority. Such a sacrifice, however, he was prevailed upon to make, and he undoubtedly deserves the gratitude of his party for doing so.

That he has many eminent qualifications for such a position it would be unjust to deny. Upright, able, industrious, with a technical aptitude for the duties of his office, with Parliamentary talents of a high order, he possesses also a good temper and a conciliatory manner, and is actuated by an evident desire to promote the public good. He also enjoys in the highest degree the confidence of the heads of the Church, and of the country gentlemen. But his administration of the Home Department, while generally efficient and satisfactory, has been marked by some very untoward accidents, which seem to show an occasional want of practical judgment, and a less clear apprehension of the means by which a given end is to be attained, than of the end itself. In 1852, a proclamation issued by his advice gave

rise to the deplorable riots of Stockport, the necessary consequence of which was that, at the general election immediately ensuing, so much sectarian excitement was created in Ireland that thousands who would have voted (however mistakenly) for Protectionist candidates without any hesitation, thought it a matter of conscience to oppose the supporters of a Government whose acts were easily made to wear the appearance of a settled desire to revive religious persecution. Perhaps it would not be drawing too sweeping an inference to say that the proclamation in question was the efficient cause of the defeat of the Derby Government at the end of the year; and certainly the majority of nineteen, by which that defeat was effected, would have been greatly reduced, if not altogether neutralized, but for Mr. Walpole's superfluous and injudicious zeal. It was also well known that he had taken a prominent part in the debates on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill during the previous year, and had endeavoured to make the measure more stringent than Lord John Russell, who had burnt his fingers with it, was inclined to do; and this knowledge filled up the measure of his unpopularity at the other side of the Channel. Even at this present date, the reminiscence is unfortunate for one who, as Home Secretary, is in a great degree responsible for the acts of the Irish Government.

In Mr. Walpole's administrative noviciate, he perpetrated another blunder, the consequences of which, happily, were not so serious. It was his duty to prepare a Bill for the organization of the militia, and, apparently without sufficient sanction from his colleagues, he introduced a clause into it which would have given every militiaman a vote at Parliamentary elections. This would have been a bold stride towards universal suffrage; but Mr. Walpole's liberal intentions were not permitted to proceed beyond the stage of velleities. But in connection with the Reform question, another fact greatly to his honour deserves mention here. He returned to office with Lord Derby in 1858, and in the early part of 1859, as every one will remember, the Government produced a Reform Bill. While it was under discussion in the Cabinet, Mr. Walpole and Mr. Henley came to a serious difference of opinion with their colleagues, on the point of making the borough and county qualifications identical, which ultimately led to their retiring from office. The act was not of much personal consequence to Mr. Henley, who is not ill provided with worldly wealth. But it was a serious thing to Mr. Walpole, who was known not to be rich, and who, if he could have persuaded himself to remain in office a little longer, would have become entitled, on his retirement, to a pension of £2,000 a year. The strong sense of duty under which he acted claims for him the approval of every honourable mind.

The events of the past few days will not soon be forgotten, and it is unnecessary for us to discuss at any length the unfortunate part which Mr. Walpole bore in them. Assuredly it is not owing to any wisdom or energy on his part, if we have been saved from such a state of tumult, disorder, and bloodshed as London has not witnessed since 1780. His tears have happily effaced any sense of resentment which his impolitic proceedings may have caused in the minds of the working classes, but they are at the same time an evidence of that weakness of character which is really, we believe, the secret of all Mr. Walpole's failures. They recall to our minds the conduct of Bailly, Mayor of Paris, during the great French Revolution. Men of that temper may not be hated by the people, but they are never feared; and in times of popular commotion authority is not safe in such nerveless hands. Sir James Graham was an abler Home Secretary than either Sir George Grey or Mr. Walpole, simply because he was a stronger man. Personally he did not inspire perfect confidence, but officially every one knew that he would shrink from doing nothing that he thought right to be done, and that he would do it in time. The Home Office is a trying post in trying times at home, and a stout heart as well as a clear head is essentially required in the Minister who holds it.

If we can suppose, however, that the danger of disturbances arising out of public meetings has now passed away, Mr. Walpole is quite equal to any work that may be required of him. It would be too much, perhaps, to ask him to undertake a task from which Ministries claiming to be progressive and reforming have held back—the remodelling, namely, of the Corporation of the City of London; but some consistent and uniform plan of metropolitan administration is imperatively demanded, and if Mr. Walpole wishes to signalize his tenure of office by something for which he may be gratefully remembered, a noble field of action is opened to him in that direction. Our prison discipline is still capable of much improvement; our police arrangements are not absolutely perfect; “social evils” still shamelessly

infest our streets; Bohemia invades the upper ranks of society, and Arabia does not cease to extend its confines among the lower. The member for the University of Cambridge can speak to the high in Church and State with a hope of being heard. The Home Secretary can work for the low with a hope of rendering them service. Without giving militiamen votes, it is still in Mr. Walpole's power to efface the memory and retrieve the disasters of his Tyburnian Sadowa.

MR. BEALES AND MR. BRIGHT.

It is not easy to define “the people.” Even in Rome, where the powers of the State were so distinctly marked, the people were to some extent an abstract political force subjected to nearly as much rhetoric and to as many delusions as at present. When Mr. Gladstone wished to bring a certain class to the level of the franchise, he called that class the people, whereupon Mr. Lowe and his following, Mr. Bright and his connection, all gave different versions of the character which they respectively believed should be apportioned to it. Mr. Hughes and Mr. Beales evidently differ as to the meaning of this term. The latter considers he had the pure and genuine article in the Park. Mr. Hughes more than hints that the meeting was composed of the mob, and that if another was held of similar components, he would withdraw his subscription from the League, and turn out as a special constable. The resolution smacks of the muscular novelist, but we can perceive some truth as well as spirit in Mr. Hughes' determination. His notion of the people probably includes the men who voted for him at his election, and the men without votes who shouted at his speeches and understood them. But Mr. Beales is satisfied with a crowd; give him a crowd and a place to stand upon, and he will move the people of England. Mr. Beales does not very well know his own weight. It is evident, from his letters and bill posting, he is under the impression that he is making the League felt throughout the country. The miserable imbroglio in which he has played so conspicuous and infatuated a part may induce him to set a value on his capacity for mischief not quite commensurate with the estimate of his calibre formed by the generality of reflecting persons.

That habit of bursting into placards founded on a misconception, the system of penning fussy explanations in which his own figure is ridiculously magnified, the demonstrative fashion in which he endeavours to ring his name in the press, suggests to us that “the people” might have placed their cause in more prudent hands, and, in fact, we are almost inclined to say, as Mr. Newdegate did of Mr. Whalley in reference to the Protestantism of the latter, that Mr. Beales is not of the people at all, so completely does he damage the movement he has undertaken to promote. We cannot shirk the conclusion that Mr. Beales does not suffer from any plethora of prudence. In his private or professional relations he may be a very estimable personage, but in the public line which he has recently adopted we are bound to consider him about as egregious a failure as the most arrant Conservative could desire. We have the less hesitation in asserting our opinion because our policy is distinctly Liberal, but we should be sorry indeed to associate that policy with the views of a gentleman with an inveterate inclination for platforms, a predisposition for aimless letter-writing, and an invincible anxiety for seeing his name in print. The people will be cared for by other statesmen than Mr. Beales. They are spread over a somewhat wider area than within an easy walk of the parks, and their welfare has been made the interest of Ministers who sacrificed their offices in order to benefit those of the community who have the fairest right to be called by the title.

The League in time will assume all the importance, and no more, of the Tooley-street tailors. Respectable men like Mr. Hughes and Mr. Holyoake will recede from a connection which proves itself foolish in act and talk. As a sample of the wisdom by which the body is counselled, we may refer to a meeting on Friday last, in which it was suggested as a peaceable mode of settling the question that several of the members should go to Hyde Park at an early hour on Saturday morning, and there attempt to hold a meeting, and allow themselves to be quietly arrested. This ingenious proposition came through the post from the Marquis Townshend, and it did not appear that the Marquis offered to put his own noble person in the custody of the force. Mr. Beales, however, had a plan which was being incubated by a barrister, and in the meantime it was decided that an assemblage should be brought together in the Agricultural Hall, “to take into consideration the question of Reform, and to express indignation at the conduct of the

Government in reference to the Hyde Park meeting." So Mr. Beales and the people are now to hold their meetings in a hall instead of a park, and the expenses are to be defrayed by (we quote from the subscription list of the "Fund") "Intimidation," 2s.; "One who objects to 40s. or a month," 2s. 6d.; "Four Servants," 2s.; &c. It is pitiable to see this farce performed in the name of the people, who, we trust, are not made up of an aggregate of personages objecting to "40s. or a month." Where is Mr. Bright the while? Mr. Bright was the spur of this agitation—is it possible he can have made over his hobby to Mr. Beales? The charge is now brought against the former that he prepared a torpedo and blew it up when at a safe distance from the scene of action. There is certainly some colour in the accusation; but in truth the danger of extremes is hidden by the talent of Mr. Bright, and illustrated by the blundering of Mr. Beales. Mr. Bright saves his opinions, by his eloquence in expressing them, and by his keeping them always in the shape of speeches, from the reproach of being mischievous or impracticable. If he were to put one or two of his more pronounced ideas into action, for aught he knows they would assume the ugly form of barricades, and there are not a few who believe firmly that they would. But Mr. Bright never does this. He solidifies a certain wide-spread Radicalism into nervous language; occasionally the nature of his proposition involves a conclusion from which thoughtful men draw back, and from which Mr. Bright himself seems to shrink; but the ultimate logic of his views—that is, the direct standing-ground that should be taken in regard to them—Mr. Bright hovers over, but never alights upon. Mr. Beales was misled by his prophet. He was unable to perceive the delicate distance that lay between what Mr. Bright says and what Mr. Bright would do, and assuredly there is some excuse for him, inasmuch as this territory was scarcely visible in the more recent effusions of the member for Birmingham. Mr. Beales has evidently a literal mind—a mental condition prone to precipitate numberless casualties. Mr. Bright never wished to be accepted literally, and never has been but by those who do not wish him well, or those of his admirers whose admiration, even if slight, could easily get the better of their discretion. He has been regarded with a considerable degree of favour by men of various shades of political belief, and to this popularity we are inclined to think he is not the more indebted for his ability than for a prevalent idea among his opponents, that he is not at all as bad as he seems, that he does not really contemplate revolution, that he is English, and that he speaks from a sort of theoretical conviction which ought to be tolerated in so respectable an orator. Mr. Bright, then, will have a difficult card to play to win back the patience and attention which he received from his antagonists, for beyond question they will link him with Mr. Beales. The latter places himself on a level with the Duke of Wellington, and this will break the fall for Mr. Bright; but there are a good many, and ourselves of the number, who will regret Mr. Bright's association with this business. We have known him so often as the enemy of jobbing and humbug, and so frequently as the exponent of generous and noble sentiments, that it is with pain we find him in a position which, to say the least of it, is equivocal. Mr. Beales is, of course, equal to any or to every situation, and being guided by the policy, as he tells us, of the late Duke of Wellington, he will, we trust, preserve the welfare and order of the country for some time to come. He should not, however, tempt the mounted police to back upon him again. We could not afford even the temporary disablement of a politician who unites in himself so much judgment, decision, and accuracy.

THE CHOLERA.

WHEN the cholera morbus made its appearance amongst us four-and-thirty years ago, we were living in the "dark ages" of sanitary science, and independently of this fact we could plead that the epidemic was new to us, and that we could not be expected to master its characteristics upon a first acquaintance. But since then cholera, as we now call it, has become an unpleasant household word in these islands. It has repeated its visits, has swept away thousands upon thousands, and has given us ample opportunity of ascertaining at least some of its characteristics. Moreover, the "dark ages" of sanitary science have passed away, and we now know that cleanliness is an essential condition of health, and that, where dirt is, and foul air, and bad drainage, and deficient supply of water, and overcrowding, and open cesspools and filthy rooms, and so forth, there will cholera delight to disport itself when it turns its attentions to these islands; and there

will it do in less time and with much more signal havoc the work which, in its absence, is done by small-pox, fever, and a host of other epidemics, in their turn. Even so far as a generation back an intelligent people who possessed a college of physicians, a college of surgeons, an apothecary's hall, and many hospitals, and was distinguished above all its other national characteristics for its common sense, might have suspected that pumps which received liquid contributions from surface drainage, and from cesspools, would be likely to be injurious to the health of the neighbourhood to which they supply what was called water. But if the medical science of those days was so much in its infancy as to be insensible to this glaring truth, we cannot now cloak our folly under the pretence of ignorance if we suffer the people to drink from such pumps, or if we leave unremedied any of these patent abuses, these death-venting nuisances, against which the faculty and the press, and all who could make their voices heard, have for years and years been warning us. If we have sinned in these respects, we have sinned with our eyes open; and when we learn from the Registrar General that cholera is advancing amongst us with rapid strides—that in the first week of July it killed 14; in the second, 32; in the third, 346; and in the fourth, 904; and that it is revelling exactly in those places where sanitary men predicted it would revel unless prompt precautions were taken—we have a right to ask in what consists our boasted progress and civilization and enlightenment, when with our eyes open, and with a perfect certainty of what would happen if cholera visited us, we have left almost untouched, and in some cases perhaps more virulent than ever, those sources of atmospheric poison which repeated experience has told us, furnish the most favourable conditions for the development of this dreadful scourge.

We do not urge this point merely for the sake of making out a grievance; the case is too serious for that. We aim at something more practical. We wish to show the utter rottenness of metropolitan government, whether it is in the hands of Boards of Guardians, or Vestries, or Boards of Health—it is all consummately worthless. At the present moment cholera is rioting in the east of London; but even in the west there were last week 12 deaths from Asiatic cholera, and 78 from diarrhoea; in the north, 20 from cholera, and 78 from diarrhoea; in the central districts, 15 from cholera, and 44 from diarrhoea; in the south, 39 from cholera, and 56 from diarrhoea. What with cholera and diarrhoea—sometimes not easily to be distinguished from each other—1,253 persons of all ages died last week. But by far the greater part was within a limited portion of the London area. As many as 811 deaths by cholera, and 113 by diarrhoea, were registered in Bethnal Green, Whitechapel, St. George's-in-the-East, Stepney, Mile-end Old Town, and Poplar, including Bow. Thus the vast majority of the deaths took place amongst about a seventh part of the population of London, upon one-fourteenth of its area. "The attack," says the Registrar-General in his last weekly return, "extends all along the north side of the Thames, from the River Lea and the Isle of Dogs to the Tower of London. Limehouse Basin and the Regent's Canal are the central line of the attack, which stretches as far north as Victoria Park. This is essentially the part of London occupied by its maritime population. The canals and basins are full of foul water, and are apparently connected with the Limehouse-cut, the Hackney-cut, and the River Lea. The East London Waterworks Canal draws its supply from the river at Lea Bridge, where there is a reservoir, and runs for a couple of miles by the side of the Hackney-cut down to its other reservoirs north of Bow and near the Lea. The present cholera field derives its waters from these works."

To estimate fully the horrible character of this statement, let us turn to a report of a meeting of the inhabitants of Bow and Bromley, which was held last Saturday, and at which the river Lea, from whose waters the East London Waterworks Canal draws its supply, was described in a very startling manner:—"The outbreak of cholera in the eastern section of London," said the chairman, "had led to various inquiries as to the causes of its attaching itself to this particular part of the metropolis, where it seemed to have taken up congenial ground, for among other things nothing would be found to have aided in its terrible work of death more than the filthy and polluted state of the river Lea and Limehouse-cut. The sad proof was unfortunately too plain to those residing in the neighbourhood through which the river ran, for the greatest number of fatal cases of cholera had occurred adjacent to its banks." Other speakers said that the river "boiled up with noxious gases;" and instances were given of bargemen having been overcome by its stench: men

daily accustomed to navigate the Lea. This is not a description given at random or formed by guesswork. The inhabitants of Bow, and the inhabitants of the "conterminous" districts, know what the waters of the Lea are made of—they at least ought to do so, for they drink them; and this is what they say of them. How can we wonder that cholera is rife in a neighbourhood which derives its water from so polluted a source? It is quite unnecessary to say anything of the bad drainage of this unhappy neighbourhood, or of its deficient supply of water, or of the numerous other tributaries to its unwholesome condition. We all know that the districts pointed out by the Registrar-General as those in which cholera has made itself at home, are poor districts abounding in the local and personal conditions which tend to invite this epidemic, to foster it and make it spread. But what have the local authorities been doing that this frightful state of things has come to pass? Heaven knows they have had ample warning. Cholera is good enough to warn us of its approach, and it sounded last autumn the alarm which it has never sounded in vain, as far as its own subsequent coming is concerned. But the East-end vestries, or Boards of Health, or whatever the local bodies are called, to whose tender mercies the lives of the population there are committed, have been warned in vain, and at this hour people are dying by tens, fifties, and perhaps hundreds, solely because the Legislature which has denied to kings the right divine to govern wrong, has entrusted that dreadful privilege to the publicans, greengrocers, and chimney-sweeps of East London.

We are certainly the most patient of people. In no other country that we know of would a state of things so atrociously absurd and mischievous be permitted. If Lord Derby commits a blunder, if Earl Russell is impertinent to our allies, or if Mr. Gladstone or any of our other distinguished statesmen get us into trouble, they are made to smart for it. The world knows them, and visits upon them the penalty of their offences. But who knows this plumber and glazier or that tallow-chandler or cheesemonger, on whose wisdom, patriotism, probity, and on whose Christian conscientiousness, the fate of thousands of lives at a time like this depends, or through whose utter want of such virtues those lives are imperilled? That interests so sacred should be intrusted to men who are irresponsible because they are contemptible, is one of the saddest defects of our time. But it is not, we trust, a defect which the common-sense of the age will tolerate much longer. These local bodies, the depositaries of the principle of self-government, have utterly disgraced us. It is through them that the funds which the legislature has provided for the poor have been converted into a means of cruelty and oppression to those for whose relief they were sanctioned, and of reproach to the country which contributes them. And precisely the same fate has attended all the interests which have been confided to our local governing bodies. One and all they have fallen short of their duty, and to their default it is directly attributable that at this moment the cholera is advancing in the East of London with such fearful rapidity.

THE SOUL IN THE ROUGH.

THERE is a lesson to be learned from the late Hyde Park riots, which might be very profitable if the public were really disposed to study it. What is called a "demonstration," let it be for what purpose it may, is ever a curious, sad, but highly instructive picture of humanity. The Garibaldi procession, the welcome to the Princess of Wales, and the late Reform demonstration, had this feature in common—they taught all London, and indirectly all England, what population is: of what strange, varying material it is composed. If volcanoes gave no sign for a long succession of years, the slumbering fire would exist unheeded, villages and towns would creep up to the very edge of craters. It is only when some peculiar call for the process arises, that cities learn what they really are, topsy-turvy—with their basement people at the surface. The Garibaldi affair was one of those semi-sentimental, political excitements the English dearly love. It was hero-worship, with a hero long the admired of those who make up the mass of popular demonstrations. The bravery of the man, his simple character, his character as a king-fighter, winning victory in a red shirt, acting as the general, living as the private soldier, taking a kingdom for the sake of liberty, and then retiring to a simple home, and the life of one most simple-minded; all this made him the hero the people love to worship, to the hundreds of thousands who followed in his train; even the "roughs" had a certain appre-

ciation of the man, and for once were not as the mere fringe of a demonstration, but heart and soul part and parcel of it. The triumphant entry of the Princess of Wales appealed to feelings existing in greater or less degree in every grade of social life. Nothing but good had been heard of her, she had youth, beauty; she came a stranger, to become the wife of our future king, himself popular. Englishmen in the roughest have ever a certain amount of chivalrous feeling. The true seat of what may be called indiscriminatory loyalty is often found where least expected. A king or queen of England must have some very detestable points of character who is not sometime cheered with the utmost mob-lung power, let the supposed feelings of such mob be as Radical and democratic as any can make them out to be. There was a good deal of "rough" chaff, some not over-delicate indications of the nature of "rough" bridal ideas, but, on the whole, the behaviour of the masses, the very roughest of them, spoke nothing to the Prince and Princess but a hearty, if a noisy welcome.

On the two occasions we have now spoken of, the popular demonstration included every rank and calling; in neither did any political complexion prevail sufficient to merit notice. The late demonstration was another matter. It was intended to be one of a political caste, to further a cause ever popular with the many. "Reform" is a catchword subject to much varying interpretation. It is one thing to the Conservative and another to the old Whig party; the more advanced Liberals have their own translation of the term; the extreme Radical and Democrat has his. The "roughs" are, in reality, the pests of every party, and they know it; but they know themselves to be a power. In their experience they have ever found that the extreme Radical and Democratic party is the only one which ever uses them for any practical purpose. They have hands "to show" on the day of nomination. They are useful as belligerents against the opposite party; they can roar down and chaff down the unpopular candidate; can make the polling booths difficult of access; by their noisy violence intimidate nervous voters. It is, however, at "demonstrations" that they are put to their highest service. When a cause is made that of "the people" the more people that can be got together the more imposing it is thought will be "the demonstration." Order can but rule at all by the subjection of the disorderly to authority. When, therefore, authorities are to be harassed or defied, the object is to show where physical force slumbers by producing great masses of those who possess it, who are known to be very easily led to abuse it. If it can be made out that these masses are treated with injustice, that the object of those who have called them together is to obtain justice for them, it is held that the exhibition of them in numbers calculated to cause anxiety to all lovers of order, and especially to the Government, will have the effect, for peace sake, of getting their claims considered.

We are now writing on the policy of this line of political tactics, we wish to draw something different from a mere political moral from the late demonstration, and its exhibition of "roughs." We have some doubt, or rather we have little doubt, that the majority of them are men of no particular party bias. They would, if the humour took them, as soon pelt a Radical as a Tory; if it came to such a scene of plunder as would suit the private tastes of the majority of them, they would rob church or chapel, a country-house or a palace, Whig, Radical, or Tory, with the utmost impartiality. Their idea of such movements as that which has caused so much disturbance is, that it was one against "the nobs," had a strong savour of illegality, was in the teeth of orders given to the body they naturally hate—the police. They expected a row, and they like one; they knew they would come into collision with the police—what could they desire more? They knew that their leaders were not commanders, and that, once on the spot, they could act just as they liked; they had a firm conviction that get into what scrape they might in their mischievous fun, they would be pitied in certain popular papers, made martyrs, and all that; that the more they got beaten by the police, whom they tried to beat, the more the police would be abused, and their class, and all its so-called injuries, be held up to commiseration. All lands—the cities of every land—have their "roughs." It is well for us, in our great cities, especially in the metropolis, to have occasional opportunity of studying the class who are bred to hate law, to know no one good thing, to be born and reared in the worst of moral and physical filth. Bishops and organizing secretaries have the habit of declaring they know all about them, and only want money to convert them. It is probable they have a certain amount of acquaintance with the fact that there is a very large breed of roughs; that it is an increasing breed very deficient of everything the Church has in charge to teach. We have, however, some

doubts whether the authorities of our Church can be really cognizant of the real nature of a genuine "rough."

If a bishop—a "colonial" might easily have done it,—had on the Mob-Monday, spent an hour in a first-floor window of a draper's shop in Oxford Street, taking close observation of the passing procession; had then crossed the street, and made his way into a garden in Norfolk Street, overlooking Park Lane, spent another hour there, contemplating the conduct and listening to the language of the mob; if, borrowing hat, jacket, and long boots of a helper out of the mews adjoining, he had then adjourned into the park, under the guidance and protection of Jem —, quondam sinner of the Ring, now publican in —ditch, and walked about until dusk, he would have formed a fair estimate of the real value to the nation, of these specimens of the unenfranchised, the working men who are said to wish to demonstrate thus their desire for political status. Many a colonial bishop must have seen and heard strange sights, and still stranger utterances; but they were perhaps of a foreign origin, the exhibition and the utterance of features of savageism, not unnatural in the savage, and therefore more deplorable than repulsive. In Hyde Park all was English, it was the wrong side of London life exposed to view. The pestilential warrens of East London had disgorged for the nonce a comparatively large portion, a fair sample of their human life. Blasphemy made more horrible, not so much by its scarce intermitting flow, as in the ingenuity by which things holy were twisted into jokes, whose profanity could scarce be exceeded. Obscenity and blasphemy united in use to assail every opponent, to encourage every auxiliary in that scene of violence. Nothing was wanting that it is possible to conceive could make that picture one of more utter human degradation. Lawless, godless, shameless, cowardly, and violent, the least civilized land on earth could hardly have afforded a scene more humiliating. Yet, after all, the actors were only the parishioners of certain eastern Metropolitan districts, who had been led out to the West by educated men, to form a part of a popular demonstration! They have souls, subject to "cure," they are simply souls in the rough—in this, very rough.

The folly of the men who took them as tools and then left them to work evil,—the wickedness of those who profess to use this dirty, popular brute force to intimidate political opponents,—has received, and will yet receive, its due reward. What we would ask is, What is Church, episcopal simple, ritualistically episcopal, Anglo-Catholic, high, dry, and low,—what are Nonconformists or Romanists about, that, in this favoured, wealthy, evangelizing Christian land, at the sound of agitating brass, the earth should give up to our sight and hearing such masses of incorporated souls, as yet embodied in flesh like our own, speaking our own tongue, bred under the shadow of our places of worship, whose words, deeds, and very gestures yet prove them to have as little in common with Christianity or civilization as the most ignorant Zulu who ever puzzled a missionary? Is Christianity, intrusted to the religious bodies of the day, betrayed? Is all our boasting about the education of the poor, folly? Have we, in these matters of religion and civilization, proved ourselves utterly incompetent to stem the awful tide of increasing heathenism? Have we, who are restless, almost vindictive against error and ignorance in other lands, been wilfully blind to, or shown ourselves altogether powerless against, this mass of home neglect and degradation? We have been content to breed up great masses of our fellow-creatures in bestial habits, and now they are an instrument in the hands of every wicked, egotistic agitator to avenge upon us the fruits of our neglect. At war with each other, religious bodies have become mere marauders on each other's authority to teach, whilst the great mass of untaught are left as they are, or only used from time to time, as beggars show sores to raise money. In the matters of cups and platters, vestments and attitudes, ecclesiastical music and melodrama, we are very earnest. We strain and strive about the mere gnats of Churchism; we swallow contentedly any amount of bestial irreligion outside the walls. Bishops excommunicate each other to uphold each his own view of what episcopal faith should be. The whole land is saturated with appeals for help for foreign, heathen, or colonial Church famine; at home we breed, with little apparent sorrow or discontent, an amount of mere animal, soul-poisoned life almost incredible, did not political reformers act as instruments, from time to time, to force it into view. What is the tone of general opinion at this minute? We believe we write the simple truth when we say it is regret, anger, indignation, that the West-end should have been so polluted; not shame that the pollution is not followed to its source and some attempt made to purify it.

We believe that if the folly or malice of the political agitator should ever raise the East of London against the

property of the West, there is force enough in the police, the army, the whole body of loyal men of every class, to put it down; it would be an awful and disastrous crisis, but the good sense of the nation would prevail. So far, then, as mere political danger is concerned, we should only lament the trial of the nation's loyalty; we have no feeling of fear as to the result. But it is our deliberate opinion that the time has come when neither Church nor State can afford to be any longer callous to the amount of inflammable human matter we are cherishing at our doors in the tens of thousands of human beings we are rearing in brute habits, by the very force of the circumstances we have been content to see made the atmosphere of their life. We have talked about them, written about them, charged richly-endowed societies and funds with their improvement. Their condition has afforded a fine field for the pen of the sensational writer; they feed our workhouses and refuges to repletion; the jails are their colonies; we put ill-paid, overworked clergy in large districts, with monster churches, to bring them to church; we send a guerilla force of all denominations, under all sorts of uniforms, with all kinds of weapons, to try and gather here and there some poor soul in the rough to the better life; we have drawn with basins from an ocean. The franchise for the working man, say some! We would to God we could hear more about better homes for the people, more drainage of the poison that infects their lungs, better water to supplant that which contaminates their blood, a union in spirit of Church and State, of all believers in souls, with all authority set over them, to stem the growth of that mass of ever up-cropping humanity, of which the late demonstration gave us such a sample.

Until this national sore is somewhat healed, we must be excused if we say that to produce it, from time to time, as an instrument of terror to intimidate political opponents, is simple wickedness against God and man; it is the using that of which we should be ashamed, in order to carry objects by a means none but cowards would use.

YACHTS.

As it is agreeable to keep a horse, if the horse and his surroundings do not keep you in hot water—if, in a word, you know how to manage properly—so the pleasure of a yacht is entirely in the manner she is handled, recreatively, financially, and, we might say, administratively. A racehorse, for instance, is not a source of unalloyed delight, and a racing yacht is committed to analogous drawbacks. A racing yacht is never your own; she belongs, and so do you, to the skipper. It is even under protest that he receives you on board during a regatta. He curses audibly if you shift your place in a contest, the move being calculated to throw the "Surge" out of trim. If you take the helm, his face is an index to the consequence which he believes will ensue. If the skipper is extravagant, a racing yacht, no matter how fast she sails, will never overtake the little bill he sets going at the ship-chandler's. He is always in want of spars and canvas. He desiderates a kind of monthly keel-hauling, pending which the "Surge" is drawn completely out of your reach or use. He will not enter strange harbours without a pilot, who is rather more or less a pirate. He consorts with the pilot, who touts flagrantly for shop people. The "boy" of a yacht is also a difficulty and an inconvenience. The Caxtonian definition of a "boy" does not enclose him. He is a species in himself. He is not the same as the "boy" of a steamboat, or the "boy" of a ship. The yacht "boy" is ruminative, and given to expectorating perpetually over the sides of the vessel which has the honour of retaining him. When sent on shore of a message, he remains away for a distracting length of time. He ought to be equal to buying vegetables and washing them, but he shirks this if he can. The skipper and this "boy" don't get on as pleasantly as the popular song would suggest. He and the "boy" will abuse each other often in forcible and idiomatic language, the dispute generally terminating in the skipper promising a rope's end to the youngster. The "boy" is endowed with a talent for basking in the sun without ever being tired of it; and as the skipper envies him the least exercise of the accomplishment, the "boy's" proclivity often leads to further declarations of rope's end.

There is a kind of yacht skipper who may be denominated the sulky. To him you are a perfect slave. He hates to see your friends coming on board, and he shows his teeth as they mount the sides. He will take in a sea now and again to vex you. He disparages the very craft he should be proud of. He wonders why you bought her, where you bought her, and what

you expect to do with her. She can't sail close to the wind, she is too broad on the beam, she won't answer the helm, "he know'd the jib was too long the moment he seed it; who ever did see a 'andy boat with sich a rake in the foremast," and so on. Thus have we heard the sulky skipper regale his master, and it almost reconciled us to our yachtless condition.

The best skipper is usually a married one—a quiet sailor-like man, thoroughly honest and reliable. He demands high wages, but is worth it. Economy in yacht keeping is miserable economy indeed. The amusement is expensive, and should be the pleasure of those who can afford it. We have known fellows to get a yacht for the very purpose of saving. They procured a wretched slip of a cutter, and with a "boy" lived and slept in her in harbour, dining cheaply at a club, where the "yacht" was spoken of as if her tonnage was enormous. "My boat" was often introduced into a conversation, and her capabilities liberally enlarged upon. A yacht should be hospitable. Champagne should be there, and no stint. Ladies should be encouraged to visit a yacht, which they somehow become. We are of opinion that a lady looks well under the snowy canvas of a yacht awning, and that there is a sympathy between her and the graceful lines and curves of the vessel. What more delightful than a pic-nic on the seas, if the "enemy" can be staved off? A yacht should be of fair size to bring ladies into. There are yachts and yachts. Who has not a sad and solemn recollection of the time he was invited by Jones to dine on board the "yacht." The *cuisine* was under the management of the loblolly boy, who had a taste that way. Cabin seven feet by five; Smith has been asked also. Before dinner the sea indulges in a chop, of which we have a large share, and our appetite is not improved. Enter to us, or seeming to fall suddenly down the three steps of the gangway, loblolly boy. He is fat and nervous, and bears a large tin. He appears so anxious that you wonder whether Jones cannot, by special charter or letter of marque, hang him at the yardarm if the beef is not properly done. When the loblolly boy (who has forgotten the salt) opens a cupboard to procure the condiment, will you or can you forget the deadly whiff of bilge, cheese, and musty bread which assailed you from that recess?

To have a fine schooner yacht of ninety or a hundred tons, and to be duly skilled in everything appertaining to her, is one of the most agreeable possessions in the world. You go all round the English and Irish coast tolling the sweets from each, and chiming your time judiciously with the various regattas. You dine at the clubs, and meet a set from which you can pick your own choice of associates. If you care to remain in a particular spot, there is nothing more easy than to get introductions, on the strength and favour of the yacht, to the nicest people. Then there are the long cruises, the Mediterranean, the Straits, the Channel Islands—Jersey, the soft and southern Jersey; Man, the retreat of wearied cotton-spinners, Birmingham "young men," and half-pays from every quarter; the seas, the Irish Sea and the English Channel, are all about you where to choose. Norway is not too far, and Scotland is within easy reach. If you are a good seaman, handle your boat yourself. It is more than half the fun of yachting, keeping the log and taking observations, sighting certain points at calculated hours, and knowing when the breeze will smarten or the storm come, and having everything snug, taut, and tidy. When the wind is propitious you can read or smoke, or even write. You can fish at other times, or practice at the guillemots, cormorants, or gulls with a rifle or fowling-piece. All the while your nerves are being strung; and to dine is more than agreeable—it is at once a duty and a pleasure. Have a friend with you, of course. If he knows nothing of the sea so much the better, he won't be tendering advice, and he will look up to you as a guide, and relate, if he is good-natured, your nautical successes on his return. Nights in a yacht on the sea—calm, still, moonlit nights are to be remembered; so the bright cheery mornings, when the wind first begins to whisper and rustle in the sails, and the boat dips a pretty curtsy, and then forges along with foam-bells sparkling in her wake. We recommend our readers who have not yachts to intrigue for invitations to a cruise; it is easy to procure them just now, we won't say for the asking, but merely by showing a disposition to enjoy them. Yachtsmen, as a rule, are pleasant and unselfish, far beyond those whose taste is in horse-flesh. They rather prefer a yachtless individual to keep them company, and all they ask from you is a little flattery touching the boat. Swear by the boat—their boat, and you will gain their best opinion. Make friends with the skipper, and cultivate the "boy"; this is necessary during a yacht cruise. The "boy" has more in his power than you are aware of; and the skipper in some cases is an autocrat, and in all cases can oblige or

disoblige a visitor. With those few "wrinkles" we close, and wish *bon voyage* to any of our readers who can go down to the sea in yachts.

EXTINCT POWERS.

THIS is a fine subject for an essay on physical science. There is plenty to be said about exhausted volcanos and extinguished craters and cones of scoræ and ash, and furrowed lava-beds that remain as the indisputable witnesses of the former existence of tremendous agencies. Other persons, again, are never tired of discovering traces of a glacial period. Scratches on stones are to them the rude writing of some departed glacier; while Stonehenge and Llannion Quoit, and other huger blocks of rough rock, are only the bales delivered by that most patient and ponderous of all luggage-trains, the iceberg. In one sense these performances of frost and fire may be called extinct powers, but only extinct in one place to reappear or remain permanently in another. So we will leave these facts for the British Association to discuss, and content ourselves with trying to find if there be such things as extinct powers in men and women. One knows that it was a profound belief in ancient times that preceding generations had all the advantage in point of physical strength. The dim past has always loomed preternaturally large through the mists that enveloped it. So the earliest chronicler in the world, referring back to antediluvian races, records that "there were giants in the earth in those days;" and when Homer speaks of a stone which two men together could not have lifted, he cannot refrain from inserting the qualification—"such men at least as are alive nowadays"—great eaters, great drinkers, great fighters, mighty hunters, to whom the modern man is but a pigmy. "We boast to be greater men than our fathers," cries one of the Greek heroes; but when he said that he forgot to think of the "extinct powers" of his own generation. But to leave the days of Noah and Homer, and to come to our own times, we shall be astonished at the list of infirmities which mark our steady degeneration. Where is the power of drinking that existed sixty years ago? We do not mean the power of getting drunk, which is at least quite common enough, only it is a paradox to call it a power. But there really was in the last generation a distinct power of drinking, which has simply died out. Only try to conceive, in these days of dry sherry, and claret, and hock, and light bitter ale, what it must have been like to sit down and consume for one's own share two bottles of port, and often much more. We all remember the story of the well-seasoned toper, who was asked by an unsophisticated friend—"Did you really drink three bottles of port without assistance?" "Oh no," said the festive gentleman, "I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira!" Probably the result of such an effort now would be a serious illness. And yet, when one sees a haymaker distend himself with gallons of cider, or a German student empty can after can of beer down his throat, we are driven to ask whether the power of imbibing, which is extinct with one class, does not still exist elsewhere; though there is still the balance to be struck between the respective potency of port, rough cider, and Bavarian beer, which will still leave the feat of port drinking unapproached.

But there is a whole set of extinct powers preserved from oblivion in the pages of novels. Were it not for these works of fiction, the British public would move drearily from the cradle to the grave, ignorant of the powers and emotions which they inherit, and unaware what the expression of them is like. No mere mixing in society would ever give us the necessary experience; it is the novelist who must tear the veil away, and teach us our manifold strength.

How seldom we draw ourselves up to our full height and fold our arms sternly, and yet it is evidently the most natural expression of male contempt; how rarely do our lovely female friends curve their necks haughtily, and dilate their nostrils, or tap impatiently upon the floor with a tiny foot. How much we have lost in letting these exhibitions of feeling pass away; how tempted we should have been to disbelieve in their existence, unless they had been preserved in works of fiction: just as we should never have known, but from the hieroglyphs and pictures on Egyptian monuments, that in Egyptian profiles the whole eye was visible at the side of the head, or that the six chariot horses of Shishak all reared up at the same time with their legs in line. Miserable degeneracy! Inadequate expression of our blunted feelings. We call on the lady of our affections, and, on offering her our hand and heart, we learn that Lieutenant Firstcome has secured her love. In all human probability we shortly afterwards walk downstairs, hail a Hansom, and go home. Turn to your cheap romance to see what you

would have done if you had not degenerated. Muttering "sdeath" between your teeth, you strode through the hall, and, springing into your carriage, drove furiously away. Take great notice of this "striding" and "springing," for we have nothing to answer to it now. Our nearest approach to it is "walking" and "getting into" our cab; but heroes of romance know of no motion less pronounced, or less indicative of excitement. Do not let it be thought that we are confounding the behaviour of every day people with the exploits of historical or outlandish heroes. No. We may sigh hopelessly for a tenth of the courage, the invulnerability, the manly beauty, and the success in love of James's cavaliers, or Mayne Reed's South American worthies. Our lady-friends may long for the seductiveness or the influence of a Donna or a Queen. But that is a totally distinct question: we only lament now the restrictions by which nature has limited us in comparison with others of our own station who once were so richly blest.

The aristocratic bullying of servants is an extinct power. Let us imagine ourselves collaring the footman and calling him a "varlet." He would warn on the spot, or take out a summons against us. We never call them "lackeys" or "minions" now, nor do we seem to exercise that magic influence over them by our haughty bearing which once was our prerogative. Which of us feels equal to the part of a young Bulwerian hero; to spring lightly down the staircase with flashing eyes and compressed lips, and to wave the hand with an authoritative gesture that made the startled lackeys fall back to either side, and offer no resistance to our departure? Which of us feels competent to stand over his prostrate foe with a face livid with rage, and with fingers tightly clenched, when at a slight noise in the vicinity we mutter "another time," and vaulting over a ten foot wall we are lost to sight in an instant? Nor when measured by this standard, can we think our wives and daughters at all up to the mark. When our Emily announces that she has had an offer from Harry, how inadequate mamma is to the occasion. Perhaps she will answer, "Well, what did my little girl say?" and go on in that tame manner. But where are all her maternal powers of improving the occasion? "The priceless treasure of a maiden's heart, my Emily, is not lightly to be disposed of." Stereotyped and immortalized in the polite fiction, this golden form has faded from our work-a-day world. Extinct! Extinct!

What will the next generation say about us? They will, no doubt, have to lament over some lost powers and to congratulate themselves on not a few gained. Perhaps they will wonder how we managed to keep the British workman deprived of the franchise; how we contrived to enforce a Church-rate; how the Admiralty succeeded in getting rid of their encumbrance in the shape of public money. Or it may be the problem will perplex them how we managed to doctor the poor in our workhouses with only two bottles of physic, or how we got butcher's meat at less than half a crown a pound. On these thoughts they will ponder as they lounge along the Thames embankment watching the fish leaping, and members of Parliament feeding the swans from the river front of Westminster Palace. Probably their language would be unintelligible to us, for slang grows apace; yet it will be easily comprehended by the lovely young lady who forms one of the party with a postage-stamp instead of a bonnet stuck on the top of her head and a hinge to her chignon, to turn it over and protect that head when it rains. She will be the belle at the archbishop's ball that evening, where she will appear with two trainbearers and no visible body to her dress.

OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK.

THE great holiday-time of the year has come; and all who are able to do so bid a brief adieu to their home-haunts and (to adopt the usual misquotation from "Lycidas") are off "to fresh fields and pastures new." The question, "Where shall we go?" is brought before the head of the house, and petitions for a change of air and scene are ordered to lie upon the family table. The debates upon this absorbing subject, which ordinarily run very high and are frequently not brought to a satisfactory termination until after several domestic divisions, will have an unusual significance and interest imported into them this season from the unsettled state of foreign affairs. A large portion of the Continent will, doubtless, be closed to many, if not from the absence of their own friends, yet, from the presence of those disturbing influences that follow in the wake of war. The dark pall of battle will, for some months to come, be spread over many a fair scene and obscure its natural charms from the pleasure-seeker's eyes; but, as there is no evil without its complementary benefit, the gainers thereby will

not only be the hotel and lodging-house keepers of the United Kingdom, but our own autumn tourists who will now have an additional incentive to make themselves acquainted with their own country. And, if they should wish for an extra spice of novelty wherewith to flavour their holiday dish of travel, we can recommend them to a district, where they may find all the usual facilities for seeing the country, together with all that is needed when there for being housed comfortably and fed luxuriously, but which, as yet, lies out of the beaten track, and is as little known or visited by the generality of tourists as though it had been in another hemisphere. Yet, in it, the visitor may enjoy both land and sea, mountains and valleys, lakes and islands, ruined castles and abbeys, stately residences and peopled towns; and, while brought face to face with abundant evidences of modern civilization and culture, can come to close quarters with old world manners, customs, and beliefs, and with a people speaking a foreign tongue. And, to do this, we need not cross the Channel to Ireland; although there is a Celtic affinity between that country and the district to which we refer.

For we refer to that Western-Highland peninsula of Scotland that was peopled from Ireland, early in the sixth century, by a Dalriad tribe, who forthwith established themselves on the old Epidian promontory, and there, under Fergus, set up the original Scottish kingdom, which possessed its capital three centuries before Edinburgh had an existence, and which was the cradle of Christianity for South-Western Scotland. This old Scottish territory, which yields to few other Western-Highland districts in home-like, varied scenery, and is certainly inferior to none in historical and antiquarian interest, is the long and narrow peninsula which is the very Land's End of the Western Highlands, and is appropriately named Kintyre, or Cantire, which is the Gaelic for Land's End, or Head of the Land. It forms the southern portion of the romantic county of Argyll, and, as shown by the map, dangles by a very narrow neck from the poetic land of the mystic Ossian and the modern Campbell, removed from the Irish coast of Antrim by an angry channel of barely twelve miles in width, and forming, with its flanking islands of Bute and Arran on the inner side, and Islay, Jura, and the other southern Hebrides on the outer side, a natural breakwater to protect the entrance to the Firth of Clyde, and to spare Ayrshire from the fury of the Atlantic waves. At one time, indeed, Cantire itself was reckoned an island, and numbered among those Sodorenses, or "Southern Isles," from which the Bishop of Sodor and Man took his title; and it is said to have been first claimed as an island in the year 1093, when the Scottish King resigned his sway over the Sodorenses to the Norwegian monarch, Magnus "Berfoetta," the Bare-footed, who sat in his galley as it was drawn across the narrow neck of land between the two Lochs Tarbert, and thence contended, that, as he had sailed round Cantire, it must needs be an island. Sir Walter Scott's verse tells us how Bruce's galley was dragged over this Tarbert isthmus to the foot of that rock where are now the ruins of the castle, "the key of Cantire," in which, in 1326, Robert Bruce held his Court. And we are on the track of "the Bruce," as the people still call him, in more than one place in Cantire; at Saddell Castle, the stronghold of his friend, Angus Oig Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, and "heir of mighty Somerled"—who was buried in the famous monastery of Saddell—and whose name, for the sake of euphony, has been changed in Scott's poem to that of Ronald; at Dunaverty Castle, near the Mull of Cantire, which was another stronghold of the Macdonalds, and whose name, in Scottish annals, is inscribed in letters of blood, from the cruel massacre of its Highland garrison by the King's army in 1647; at Ugadale and Arnicle, on the eastern coast, where the Royal fugitive was hospitably entertained by Ferracher Mackay, and gave to him that brooch and those estates which are still preserved and enjoyed by his descendants. With the exception of James V.'s visit to Kilkerran Castle, in 1536, the Bruce was the last Royal visitor to Cantire, until September 17, 1847, when the Royal yacht, with her Majesty on board, sailed past Kilkerran into Campbelton Harbour, and when, as it is said, the Campbelton bellman made the ambiguous announcement to the inhabitants of the capital of the old Scottish kingdom, "The Queen is now in the Loch!"

The name of Kilkerran takes us back through thirteen centuries to the time when this spot was the *kil* or cell of St. Kieran, who was the first missionary to the Western Highlands, in 536. For some twelve years he taught and preached, making his home in a dreary, wave-washed cave, which may still be seen, hard by that rocky entrance to the harbour so expressively called Achanatonn, "the field of the waves," and which is so beautifully described in Professor

Shairp's poem, "Kilmahoe." St. Kieran had come from Ireland, where he was the pupil of St. Patrick and the tutor of St. Columba, who followed him to Cantire, where, as we may remember, it was that King Fergus, who was the grandfather of St. Columba, who had founded the Scottish kingdom. On this Western Highland peninsula, St. Columba remained for two if not four years, before he sought his final home in that Hebriddaen I or Hy, "the island," the beautiful "Island of the Druids," which was afterwards known as Icolmkill, the "Isle of Columba's cell," as Wordsworth says—that "Colms' kill" whither, as Shakespeare tells us, King Duncan's body was carried—and which was afterwards to be world-renowned as Iona, from whence, according to Dr. Johnson, "savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion." Kilcolmkill is the name of the spot; on the Mull of Cantire, close to Kiel and Dunaverty, where St. Columba, with his twelve coadjutors, landed from his currach—the precise spot being still called Port-na-currach, "the bay of the boat"—and, finding that the intervening hills of the Mull shut out from him the view of that Ireland on which he had vowed never again to set eyes, he there established his *kil*, which, doubtless, was built *more Pictorum*, with timber and thatched, and was the predecessor of that very interesting Norman church, which still stands on that spot, surrounded by its well-filled graveyard, but in itself roofless and desolate. This, indeed, is the state of every other ancient church in Cantire; at Kilcouslan, at Kilchenzie, at Skipness, whose church also bears the name of St. Columba, and is the burial-place for the Campbells of Skipness; and at Killeen, on the Atlantic shore, where it was but the other day, June 30, that the good Lady Macdonald Lockhart (who had died in London on the previous Sunday, June 24), was laid to rest, beside the ivy-clad roofless ruins, in the ancient burial-ground of the Macdonalds of Largie, whose castle of Largie, in the wooded park hard by, was one of the strongholds of the Clan Ronald Bane, who, up to 1591, reigned despotically in the peninsula. There are other ecclesiastical remains in Cantire well worthy the visitor's attention, in the shape of sepulchral slabs and Iona crosses, of which that which stands in the centre of the main street at Campbelton is covered with elaborate designs of singular beauty, whose details are almost as sharp and clear as on the day when they left the sculptor's chisel.

The scenery of Cantire is both varied and beautiful, although it lacks that largeness of character, which, as regards northern Argyllshire, created in Sir George Heed's mind "an impression of transatlantic magnitude." Nevertheless, the wild landscape of the Mull of Cantire might, in grandeur and sublimity, contest the palm with more northern rivals. It is a confused mass of rugged, heath-clad hills, the highest of which, Croc Maigh, attains an altitude of 2,063 feet, having two or three neighbours that are little inferior to it in dimensions. These hills roll down to a sharp precipice of 280 feet, where, at the veritable Land's-end, is the Mull Lighthouse, against whose ragged base the Atlantic waves are hurled with such fury, that even the fish desert the spot the roar of whose torrent is said to be heard at forty miles distance on the Ayrshire coast. Burns must have often looked across the waste of waters to this rock-bound shore, more especially at that time when his Highland Mary had gone thither to visit her parents at Campbleton ere she became the poet's wife—an event that was for ever put aside by her untimely death, at Greenock, on her return journey; yet Burns has left no record of this in his verse. But, amid that wild scenery of the Mull, of peculiar interest just now to the shooters of grouse and black-game, there are innumerable glens of singular beauty, down which flow trout and salmon-streams amid rock-walls crowned with heather and hazel. And all this mountainous district slopes away to Southend, fitly called "the garden of Cantire," where the out-of-door fuschias grow into trees and thrive through the hardest winters,—where there are pleasant villages and stately mansions, in one of which the Duke and Duchess of Argyll and their family pass a week or two in every autumn. And, if at this southern extremity of Cantire the landscape is so alternating between the lovely and the stern, the same is found at its northern extremity, where the wild Salvator-Rosa-like scenery of East Loch Tarbert is such a complete contrast to that of the West Loch, which has all the softer charms of Windermere combined with a Highland character of its own. Traversing the centre of the peninsula and forming its back bone, is a range of heathery hills, fissured with stream-pierced glens, having an average altitude of 1,200 feet, and crowned in this kingdom of grouse-land by Beinn-an-tuire, "the wild-boar's mountain"—where Fingal compassed the death of Diarmid—whose height is 2,170 feet, and from which may be seen the splintered peaks of Arran, the more distant Ben

Lomond and Ben More, Islay and Jura, and the other islands that stud the Atlantic and the Irish coast from the Fair Head to the Giant's Causeway. The peninsular characteristic of Cantire, at the same time that it confers upon its scenery the peculiar charm that its inland views, in every direction, are to be seen in conjunction with an ocean expanse from which rise mountainous islands, has tended to keep it out of the beaten track of the main-land tourists and of the thousands who pass through northern Argyllshire on their way to Skye, by way of the Crinan Canal. Its geographical position has, therefore, not only helped it to its leading scenical charm, but has also hitherto preserved it in its primitive freshness; a freshness which we are quite willing to accept with some abatement of the primitiveness. For, however much the wild and the uncultivated may be temporarily enjoyed for the sake of the new thoughts and sensations that they afford us in their departure from the received and accepted types of conventional culture and smoothness, yet, as a country is not made for the mere animal satisfaction of the passing traveller, we may content ourselves with gratefully accepting the existent old-world peculiarities of Cantire, together with its more important modern features of steam-boat, steam-plough, electric telegraph, penny newspaper, four-horse omnibuses, hotels, banks, ragged-schools, drinking-fountains, piers and harbours, Volunteer rifle and artillery companies, town-halls, flower-shows, cricket clubs, and the like, which prove that these Western-Highland descendants of the original Scots—who still show their Gaelic extraction, not only by their Gaelic talk, but by their dark hair and swarthy complexion—can contrive, in their remote peninsula, to keep themselves abreast of modern improvements. The electric telegraph is now an accomplished fact, from Tarbert to Campbelton, and perhaps may, ere long, be followed by a railway; but, for the present, tourists may rest content with the admirable turnpikeless roads that traverse the sea-board from north to south. Cars are to be obtained at the inns; a four-horse omnibus runs daily between Tarbert and Campbelton, and another now runs twice daily between Campbelton and Southend. The direct daily communication between Cantire and Glasgow and Greenock has lately been increased by the addition of a third steamer, and at least one other is being constructed for the same purpose. The voyage down the Frith of Clyde and round the Isle of Arran is for "Cabin, 2s.; Steerage, 1s.," and, as the showman says, "is alone worth the money," even if the tourist returned the same evening after spending but an hour or two on Highland ground. The Duke of Argyll, who is the Lord-Lieutenant, and the largest heritor of the peninsula, has laboured greatly to advance the prosperity of the people and district; and the rejoicings that will take place on Monday next, August 6th, on the coming of age of his eldest son, the Marquis of Lorn, will be nowhere more heartily observed than at the Land's-End of the Western Highlands.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A STRAW can show how the wind sets. Mr. Watkin Williams, who has issued an address this week to the electors of the Denbigh boroughs, is an important man in his own county, though he has not attained a metropolitan fame. There is a paragraph in his address which is not without considerable significance. "I should give," he says, "a consistent support to Mr. Gladstone in his efforts to extend to the people an enlarged share in the government of their country, and should not paralyze the action of the great Liberal chief by putting a spoke in every little wheel of which I did not quite approve." In this we note particularly two things. Mr. Williams recognises the late Chancellor of the Exchequer as "the great Liberal chief." The country does the same. Some persons think it convenient for party purposes to speak of Lord Russell as still the effective leader of the Liberals, but it is no outrage to actual facts, or coming contingencies, to consider the noble Lord's career as a Minister at an end. His disqualifications are age and bad luck. He may possibly for a few years continue to give the next Liberal Government which may be formed the benefit of his advice and experience in the Cabinet, though not in office, but the country does not expect, and, though it may sound ungraciously, does not wish to see him Prime Minister ever again. All sections of the Liberal party will do well, therefore, to face the fact in time, and make up their minds for the necessary and indispensable leadership of Mr. Gladstone, to which, if there be any feeble Adullamite disinclined to submit, the sooner he crosses over to the Conservatives the better. The second point in the passage we have quoted from Mr. Williams's address which we consider

ated. Muttering through the hall, as if away. Take "ing," for we have approach to it is heroes of romance indicative of excitement, confounding the oits of historical hopelessly for a manly beauty, and yne Reed's South ing for the seduc- teen. But that is how the restrictions son with others of t.

an extinct power. n and calling him , or take out a m "lackeys" or at magic influence ace was our pre- part of a young the staircase with ave the hand with artled lackeys fall to our departure? a prostrate foe with tly clenched, when another time," and ight in an instant? ve think our wives When our Emily Harry, how inade- ps she will answer, go on in that tame owers of improving maiden's heart, my

Stereotyped and len form has faded net!

t us? They will, owers and to con-

Perhaps they will workman deprived orce a Church-rate; d of their encum- Or it may be the ged to doctor the tles of physis, or a half a crown a der as they lounge the fish leaping, ans from the river eir language would ace; yet it will be ady who forms one of a bonnet stuck er chignon, to turn ains. She will be evening, where she visible body to her

RACK.

come; and all who home-haunts and eidas") are off "to stion, "Where shall house, and petitions lie upon the family subject, which ordi- brought to a satis- nestic divisions, will imported into them ign affairs. A large closed to many, if yet, from the pre- follow in the wake of e months to come, obscure its natural out, as there is no gainers thereby will

not only be the hotel and lodging-house keepers of the United Kingdom, but our own autumn tourists who will now have an additional incentive to make themselves acquainted with their own country. And, if they should wish for an extra spice of novelty wherewith to flavour their holiday dish of travel, we can recommend them to a district, where they may find all the usual facilities for seeing the country, together with all that is needed when there for being housed comfortably and fed luxuriously, but which, as yet, lies out of the beaten track, and is as little known or visited by the generality of tourists as though it had been in another hemisphere. Yet, in it, the visitor may enjoy both land and sea, mountains and valleys, lakes and islands, ruined castles and abbeys, stately residences and peopled towns; and, while brought face to face with abundant evidences of modern civilization and culture, can come to close quarters with old world manners, customs, and beliefs, and with a people speaking a foreign tongue. And, to do this, we need not cross the Channel to Ireland; although there is a Celtic affinity between that country and the district to which we refer.

For we refer to that Western-Highland peninsula of Scotland that was peopled from Ireland, early in the sixth century, by a Dalriad tribe, who forthwith established themselves on the old Epidian promontory, and there, under Fergus, set up the original Scottish kingdom, which possessed its capital three centuries before Edinburgh had an existence, and which was the cradle of Christianity for South-Western Scotland. This old Scottish territory, which yields to few other Western-Highland districts in home-like, varied scenery, and is certainly inferior to none in historical and antiquarian interest, is the long and narrow peninsula which is the very Land's End of the Western Highlands, and is appropriately named Kintyre, or Cantire, which is the Gaelic for Land's End, or Head of the Land. It forms the southern portion of the romantic county of Argyll, and, as shown by the map, dangles by a very narrow neck from the poetic land of the mystic Ossian and the modern Campbell, removed from the Irish coast of Antrim by an angry channel of barely twelve miles in width, and forming, with its flanking islands of Bute and Arran on the inner side, and Islay, Jura, and the other southern Hebrides on the outer side, a natural breakwater to protect the entrance to the Firth of Clyde, and to spare Ayrshire from the fury of the Atlantic waves. At one time, indeed, Cantire itself was reckoned an island, and numbered among those Sodorenses, or "Southern Isles," from which the Bishop of Sodor and Man took his title; and it is said to have been first claimed as an island in the year 1093, when the Scottish King resigned his sway over the Sodorenses to the Norwegian monarch, Magnus "Berfoetta," the Bare-footed, who sat in his galley as it was drawn across the narrow neck of land between the two Lochs Tarbert, and thence contended, that, as he had sailed round Cantire, it must needs be an island. Sir Walter Scott's verse tells us how Bruce's galley was dragged over this Tarbert isthmus to the foot of that rock where are now the ruins of the castle, "the key of Cantire," in which, in 1326, Robert Bruce held his Court. And we are on the track of "the Bruce," as the people still call him, in more than one place in Cantire; at Saddell Castle, the stronghold of his friend, Angus Oig Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, and "heir of mighty Somerled"—who was buried in the famous monastery of Saddell—and whose name, for the sake of euphony, has been changed in Scott's poem to that of Ronald; at Dunaverty Castle, near the Mull of Cantire, which was another stronghold of the Macdonalds, and whose name, in Scottish annals, is inscribed in letters of blood, from the cruel massacre of its Highland garrison by the King's army in 1647; at Ugadale and Arnicle, on the eastern coast, where the Royal fugitive was hospitably entertained by Ferracher Mackay, and gave to him that brooch and those estates which are still preserved and enjoyed by his descendants. With the exception of James V.'s visit to Kilkerran Castle, in 1536, the Bruce was the last Royal visitor to Cantire, until September 17, 1847, when the Royal yacht, with her Majesty on board, sailed past Kilkerran into Campbelton Harbour, and when, as it is said, the Campbelton bellman made the ambiguous announcement to the inhabitants of the capital of the old Scottish kingdom, "The Queen is now in the Loch!"

The name of Kilkerran takes us back through thirteen centuries to the time when this spot was the *kil* or cell of St. Kieran, who was the first missionary to the Western Highlands, in 536. For some twelve years he taught and preached, making his home in a dreary, wave-washed cave, which may still be seen, hard by that rocky entrance to the harbour so expressively called Achanatonn, "the field of the waves," and which is so beautifully described in Professor

worthy of note, is the determination he avows to abstain from what he calls "putting a spoke in every little wheel of which he does not quite approve." Of this also let the men of the Cave take heed.

"NON-INTERVENTION," said Talleyrand, "means much the same as intervention." Non-intervention, as understood and practised by Earl Russell, was "meddle and muddle." If Lord Stanley succeeds as Foreign Secretary, it will be, not by acting on Talleyrand's maxim, that the use of words is to disguise our ideas, but rather by adopting Franklin's principle, who boasted that he took in all the diplomatists in Europe by telling the truth. Lord Stanley understands non-intervention in the most literal sense, and seems, in fact, to consider Foreign Affairs as affairs foreign to his department. Mr. Gladstone claimed him at Richmond as a promising disciple of Cobden, and he is striving hard, we think, to better the instruction. "No affair of mine," is his answer to every query about the momentous events now in progress abroad. Many people think, however, that some civil remonstrance with the Prussian Government, respecting the proceedings of Prussian officers at Frankfurt, would not have been impertinent. At any rate, when Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Beresford Hope, and Mr. Gladstone himself concur in advising a friendly representation to Italy with reference to the monks of Monte Cassino, Lord Stanley can hardly make a mistake in acting as they suggest. Really, the abilities of such a man are thrown away if his department is to be confined to such work as sending the papers a copy of the complimentary telegrams exchanged by the Queen and President Johnson through the Atlantic cable.

Mr. S. B. MILLER, the ultra-Tory member for Armagh, is to succeed Baron Fitzgerald in the Irish Court of Exchequer. Lord Derby is thus blowing hot and cold in his Irish appointments.

WHEN Parliament voted a sum of £50,000, a few years ago, for a national memorial of the late Prince Consort, it was generally thought that so liberal a grant was sufficient for the purpose. Last week, however, Mr. Disraeli obtained a supplementary grant of four or five thousand pounds more, under circumstances that deserve notice. He stated that under Lord Palmerston's Government application had been made for a quantity of old brass cannon to be used in casting some of the figures designed to adorn the monument, and that Lord Palmerston promised that they should be given when required. That time had now arrived, and an order for their delivery became necessary. The department in whose charge the metal was would hand it over to another department, nominally receiving payment for the estimated value, but there would be no actual outlay of public money. Later in the evening, Mr. Gladstone took occasion to deny that Lord Palmerston's Government had made any promise of the kind. In the short discussion that ensued Mr. Disraeli seemed anxious to make it appear that Mr. Gladstone was the only member of Lord Palmerston's Government who had any objection to give the metal. Mr. Gladstone, however, emphatically repeated that the entire Government, including Lord Palmerston himself, had decided on refusing it. There seems to be no doubt that Lord Palmerston had, in the first instance, consented to the grant, though he afterwards thought it unadvisable. If the metal be worth four or five thousand pounds, it is clear that giving it is the same thing as giving the money; though that view of the case might not strike our public departments. Our dockyards are paved with iron of immense value, when granite would answer the purpose quite as well, and much more economically.

LAST week we thought that Mr. Edmond Beales was simply a mischievous fool; his letter to the Committee of the Athenæum raises a suspicion that he doubles that character with another. He expresses his regret that damage was done to their club-house on Monday week, and apologizes for the "popular leaders on that occasion," who, he has been credibly informed, "mistook the Athenæum for the Carlton." The inevitable inference is that Mr. Beales distinguishes between the literary and the Tory club, and that while he regrets that the former suffered by a mistake, he would have approved of any injury which the "popular leaders" and their myrmidons might have done to the Carlton. Have we not had enough of Mr. Edmond Beales? The public pay him a large annual salary as a revising barrister, which he abuses by disturbing the public peace.

Wherever he goes, violence and robbery follow in his train. Hyde Park has been impassable after dark ever since that overthrow of law and order, over which he this week chuckled at the Agricultural Hall. On Monday last a man was surrounded and robbed at his own door by a mob who were escorting some of Mr. Beales' "popular leaders" from their meeting in the Victoria Park. As our revising barristers are appointed annually, would it not be well if the Lord Chief Justice who performs this duty every August were to relieve Mr. Beales of his official duties, and so at least enable him to guide the "popular leaders" to the right clubs?

MR. BEALES has requested the Committee of the Athenæum to inform him of the amount expended by them in repairing the damage to their club, in order that he may bring the matter before the Council of the National Reform League, of course with a view to pecuniary compensation. Will Mr. Beales also inquire of Sir Richard Mayne the names and addresses of the policemen who have been wounded in their endeavour to keep the peace, and in the performance of their duty? We cannot hope that he will. Constables, like Tory Clubs, are probably, in his opinion, fair game. But society will look upon this matter differently. In the riots which grew out of Mr. Beales' folly, there were more or less injured 10 superintendents, 20 inspectors, 32 sergeants, and 203 constables. Sir Richard Mayne himself was struck several times by stones thrown at him, received a severe contusion on the side of the head, and a cut on the temple which blackened his eye; and each of the assistant commissioners was struck several times by stones thrown at them. It cannot be said that their ordinary pay is compensation for the extraordinary services which have drawn upon them such penalties.

THE Bishop of London has appealed to the public to help him to mitigate the sufferings of the poor, aggravated at the present time by the cholera. It is an appeal which ought not to be made in vain to a Christian people. Thus far it is on the poor in the East of London that the epidemic has almost exclusively fallen, and the reason of its incidence upon them is, first, the evil sanitary conditions under which they live, and next their poverty, which is the cause of their so living. If in ordinary times it is difficult for them to keep body and soul together, it is infinitely more so at such a time as the present. The clergy throughout this afflicted district bear witness "that money is imperatively required to purchase the necessary support both for those who, as yet in health, are exposed, with insufficient food and clothing, to the malignant influences prevailing in infected districts, and also for such sufferers as, by God's mercy, are recovering from illness." When we consider what the poor suffer at all times, we are tempted to doubt whether we are really a Christian people. But in a great emergency subscriptions are never wanting, and a greater emergency than the present could hardly be. We think that the Bishop of London has erred in not appointing some city bank for the receipt of donations, but that oversight admits of easy reparation, and in the meantime subscriptions may be sent either to Messrs. Herries & Farquhar's, St. James's-street, or to the office of the "Cholera Fund of the Metropolitan Relief and District Visiting Association, 21, Regent-street."

AMONGST several expensive alterations now in progress at Frogmore, to fit it for the residence of the Princess Helena's husband, it is stated that a smoking-room is in course of erection. It would be cruel to deny His Royal Highness Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, K.G., &c., an enjoyment which to every German is almost the breath of life; but when we remember the notice conspicuously posted all about Windsor Castle, interdicting the fumes of the weed within those Royal precincts, from the stringency of which order the Prince of Wales himself could not obtain an exemption, a curious illustration is supplied of the saying—

"That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy."

The son-in-law is enabled without any restriction, and with every convenience, to do that which the son could not attempt with impunity.

JUSTICE, in the Irish Court of Chancery, though still superannuated and purblind at the least, is no longer deaf. Mr. Blackburne remains Chancellor for the present, but Mr. Napier

now declines to become Lord Justice of Appeal. He retains, of course, his pension as an ex-Chancellor; but it is better he should get £4,000 a year for doing nothing, than £5,000 a year for misdoing much. Baron Fitzgerald, whose practice when at the bar was chiefly in the Court of Chancery, has been appointed Lord Justice of Appeal, and is likely to give perfect satisfaction. The Baron (Francis) is not to be confounded with Mr. Justice (John David) Fitzgerald, who is a Roman Catholic. Baron Fitzgerald is the brother of Dr. William Fitzgerald, Bishop of Killaloe. Both are moderate politicians, and while the Whigs made one brother first, Bishop of Cork, and then of Killaloe, the Tories have made the other, first, a Baron of the Exchequer, and now, Second Judge in Equity.

THE Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who commands the Prussian troops on the Bavarian frontier, is the King of Prussia's nephew. Though only 43 years of age, he is now a widower for the second time—his second wife was the Princess Anne of Hesse, sister of Prince Louis. The late Duchess of Orleans was his aunt on the father's side, and the Comte de Paris is consequently his cousin. His son, the hereditary Grand Duke, and his brother Duke William, are also officers in the Prussian service—the former, who is only fifteen, being a lieutenant in the Grenadiers of the Guard, and the latter a general of cavalry. The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who bears among his other titles that of D.C.L. of the University of Oxford, is also a general of cavalry in the Prussian service. He is married to the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, and was present, with the Grand Duchess, at the wedding of his sister-in-law, the Princess Mary.

PROCEEDINGS—it is announced from Florence—have been commenced against Admiral Persano for his failure in the naval engagement at Lissa. Of course it is desirable that all the facts should be thoroughly known and judicially sifted; but, as far as we yet see, it would appear that the Admiral had a badly-built fleet at his disposal, and sailors unaccustomed to warfare, and that he did the best he could with his materials. It is certainly unfortunate, however, that almost all the proceedings of the Italians in the late war should have resulted disastrously; and some exasperation of popular feeling must be allowed for as but natural.

TELEGRAPHIC communication is now complete from England to the United States. The Queen and the President, as in 1858, have exchanged congratulations, and on Wednesday the London evening papers contained a telegram from New York dated *that morning*. The intelligence was to the effect that Mr. Harlan, the Secretary of the Interior, had resigned; that Mr. Browning, of Illinois, had been appointed his successor; and that Grant had been created a full General, and Sherman a Lieutenant-General. These, of course, are items of intelligence which we are glad to have; but their interest is far transcended by the great and splendid fact that the two sea-divided sections of the English race are now in almost immediate communication with one another.

QUEEN EMMA, of Hawaii, was in Dublin last week, and was announced in the papers of that lively metropolis as having left "Morrison's Hotel for the Pacific." She first received a deputation from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and replied to a sensible address that none were more capable than she of appreciating the spiritual and social advantages to be gained by the spread of Christianity. Her Majesty declined an invitation from the Lord Mayor to view the "lions," and took her departure for Killarney. The recurrence of the name of the hotel at which the Queen stopped in the paragraph from which we have taken this note, reminds one of a peculiarly Irish custom, which has been commented on both by Thackeray and Cornelius O'Dowd. Perhaps in this hotel there may be a waiter who does a little reporting for newspapers when he puts up his napkin.

MR. J. PAYNE COLLIER, who has done good service to literature by his researches, complains that he is unable, from a paucity of subscribers, to publish a valuable though forgotten work. Mr. Collier promises a Chinese fidelity in editorship. "As to accuracy of text, I spare no pains to make my reproductions, even as to errors of punctuation, exactly represent

the originals." Even in his errors Mr. Collier is thus accurate. We do not much regret a decline in the market for these literary relics; if the errors were corrected, we suspect "English Helicons" would resemble the helmet of the antiquary, which, when the dust was taken off, turned out to be a saucepan.

AMONG the nice things in the way of writing to which we have been treated on the battle of Hyde-park is a phrase in a daily contemporary. The powerful organ, getting more and more powerful in the course of a leader, speaks of "those who scent the blood of a blunder." The "blood of a blunder" occurs to us as more or less in the "Ercles vein;" such English certainly is.

A MARVELLOUS feat in locomotion, so far not noticeable by the public, was only within the last week achieved by a London morning contemporary. The journal to which we refer rejoices popularly in a feminine cognomen; but, notwithstanding the weakness of her sex, she managed to send a copy of the *Times* of last Friday to her "special correspondent" in Valentia, in time to have back from him a letter severely criticizing the *Times* Valentia correspondent's letter contained in it in time for her publication of Saturday. We cannot conceive how the thing was done; but done it must have been, for the "special correspondent," in writing, speaks of himself as "looking out of my window at Valentia on a scene which it were not easy to match." As it is thus clear that the writer was in Valentia, so is it equally clear the *Times* of Friday was before him; for he is charitable in his criticism of the *Times* correspondent, and says he "should not have referred to the matter if by any possibility a printer's error could account for the extraordinary jumble." It is evident, then, that he had a *printed Times* of Friday before him. But how was the "special correspondent's" letter forwarded to London in time for publication of Saturday. He acknowledges somewhere in it that it would be a great achievement in travelling, even were there a railway from Killarney to Valentia, if the latter port were reached from London in sixteen or seventeen hours. How, then, has the double journey from London, of the *Times* down and his letter up, been made in less than twenty, and this without any allowance being made for the time spent in writing his letter? This is the puzzle of which, for the benefit of the press, it is desirable some solution should be given. We should like to know how he managed to write in Valentia on Saturday morning—"This morning the Atlantic cable will be open to the public," and yet had these words in print in London within four hours after. Very truly has he remarked that the saying, "Let not a cobbler go beyond his last," is a wise proverb, and expedient to be occasionally observed by correspondents.

FINE ARTS.

SALVIATTI'S VENETIAN TABLE-GLASS.

THE author of "Modern Painters," in one of those long but interesting digressions with which his volumes abound, once took occasion, while commenting on the degraded state of modern art-manufacture, to ridicule the national pride with which we English are accustomed to regard the characteristics of our modern table-glass. "We ought rather," added Mr. Ruskin, "to be ashamed of it."

This opinion, startling as it may sound in the ears of those who are accustomed to back British goods generally against the world, is nevertheless founded on principles of science as well as of art. The process of manufacture which every raw material undergoes before it is converted into objects of practical utility, and, consequently, the form which such objects finally assume, ought to depend chiefly, if not entirely, on the natural properties of the material itself. Whenever this principle is lost sight of, the result appears either in the light of a technical defect or an aesthetic error. For instance, we know that inasmuch as the strength of iron depends on the density and tenacity of its fibre, the repeated processes of heating and hammering must be the best means of securing that strength; whereas cast-iron, which takes its artificial form while in a state of fusion, though cheaper in its cost of production, is much weaker than that which is wrought. Again, as a matter of taste, wrought-iron ornament such as that, let us say, which decorates the pump of Quentin Matsy at Antwerp, is infinitely more artistic than the clumsy cast-iron railings which surround our British Museum. In one case the design has been suggested by the natural capabilities of the material. In the other, the nature of the material has been perverted for the sake of a specious and inappropriate method of treatment.

The same distinction, and with a like reason, may be drawn

between ancient and modern table-glass. The former was generally blown, the natural ductility of the material being such that while in a state of partial fusion it could be stamped, twisted, and fashioned into shapes which varied with the individual taste and skill of the workman. The consequence was that in Venice, during the fifteenth and two following centuries, this branch of art-industry rose to a pitch of excellence which obtained for it a world-wide reputation. It is not necessary to enumerate here all the peculiar varieties of design included in this ingenious and beautiful art. Under the general head of "filagree" glass, the combinations of form and colour (including that of the well-known *latticino*) were countless. Then there was the *millefiore*, in which slices of rod-glass appeared embedded in a colourless or differently coloured ground of the same material; the *schmelze*, or mock agate; the *avventurino*, with its rich golden lustre, which has been basely imitated in modern toilet-trinkets, the "crackle" and "opal" glass in which light is refracted with exquisite effect, and many other kinds which were further enriched by the distinct processes of enamelling and engraving. Up to this time the early traditions of the art had been preserved, or perhaps revived, from the time of the Romans, when glass was blown in moulds, stamped, turned on a wheel, and engraved rudely enough sometimes, but often with great artistic care. The celebrated Portland vase, for instance, was made of two layers of glass, of which the upper surface is cut away cameo-fashion, to form a background for the bas-relief, with which it is decorated. But work of so laborious and costly a character as this must, of course, be regarded as exceptional. The ordinary table glass made in Venice, and exported to every country in Europe during the early part of the "Renaissance," was for the most part blown only, and depended for its form on the taste and manipulation of artisans, whose fancy was as fertile as their fingers were apt, and who required no school of design to teach them the shape of a flask or beaker.

Unfortunately for the interests of art, a taste grew up in the eighteenth century for the imitation of crystal. Now, without entering into scientific details, it is sufficient to remember that glass is formed by the combination of silicic acid with the oxides of some of the lighter metals, as potassium and sodium, as well as with those of some of the heavy metals, as lead and bismuth. These form compounds or salts, which, on the application of heat, fuse into colourless transparent liquids, and finally cool into hard brittle solids, having an amorphous or non-crystalline character. It is true that under certain conditions similar to those which obtain, for instance, in the preparation of what is called Réaumur's porcelain, the formation of crystals may be determined by the application of heat lower than that necessary to effect the perfect fusion of the glass. But then that material is actually devitrified, and can hardly be called glass at all. Any attempt, therefore, to give ordinary glass, such as is manufactured for drinking-vessels, &c., the appearance of cut crystal, is to treat it in a manner foreign to its real nature. Our manufacturers not only aimed at this, but, by the employment of minium (red lead) in large quantities, they endeavoured to invest their table-glass with a peculiar brightness which it is almost impossible to attain without that ingredient. In this way, however, they lost two important qualities of the old material, viz., lightness and ductibility. It cooled during manufacture much more rapidly than before, leaving little or no time for that delicate handwork which we recognise in the graceful forms and fantastic ornament of Venetian glass; but these defects, half a century ago, were almost regarded in the light of advantages.

The decanters, tumblers, wine-glasses, and sugar-basins of that period, not only looked, but were intended to look, heavy, solid, and angular. The design of these articles was a matter of small importance, provided that it included as many sharp corners as possible. Blown glass was voted ugly and common-place; but as every one could not afford the superior ware, it was moulded to give it the appearance of having been cut.

One of the conditions of æsthetic taste seems to be that in civilised life it shall revolve in cycles, and whether or not we may attribute the change to a certain impetus which our art manufacturers received through the Great Exhibition of 1851, it is certain that after that date a great modification took place in the design of English table-glass. People began to discover that the round bulbous form of decanter was a more pleasant object to look at than the rigid outline of a pseudo-crystal pint-pot carved and chopped about into unmeaning grooves and planes. The reversed and truncated cone, which served our grandfathers as a model for wine-glasses, gradually disappeared before the lily and crocus-shaped bowls, from which we now sip our sherry and Bordeaux. Champagne had formerly been drunk from tall and narrow glasses, which required to be tossed aloft before they could be emptied. It is now a broad and shallow *tazza* which sparkles with the vintage of Epernay. For some years past the forms of our goblets and water-bottles have been gradually improving; many artistic varieties of the material have appeared, and the style of decoration employed, especially with engraved glass, is very superior to what it used to be. Some of our manufacturers have even endeavoured to reproduce the most familiar types of old Venetian glass. But these imitations have hitherto been carried out in the letter rather than in the spirit of ancient work. There has been a too evident striving after perfect accuracy of form, and that ignoble neatness of execution which is fatal to the vigour of good design. If the workman is directing his energies to make a round dish mathematically correct in outline, or the opposite profiles of a jug match each other with absolute

precision, he cannot be expected to work with the free hand of an artist. So our table-glass was very bright, very accurately shaped, often very nicely engraved; but, on the other hand, very heavy, seldom otherwise than formal in contour, and generally unpicturesque.

It has been reserved for Dr. Salviati, a Venetian lawyer, to revive in his own birth-place an art for which it was once justly celebrated, but which, owing to the decay of its commercial prosperity, and to sundry political changes, until lately bade fair to be forgotten.

Lineal descendants of the old Venetian glass-manufacturers still inhabit the island of Murano; but the demand of the last two generations for the produce of their ancient handicraft has been so unimportant that these honest folks were reduced to earn a livelihood by plying the humblest and worst-paid branches of their trade. One of them, an intelligent artizan named Laurent Radi, first suggested to Dr. Salviati the possibility of reproducing the almost forgotten manufacture of enamel mosaics. Aided by this man's practical experience, Dr. Salviati, who himself possessed the zeal and taste of an able connoisseur, undertook a series of experiments, which resulted in the establishment of his well-known factory at Venice; and we need only refer to the mosaic decorations of St. Paul's, of the Wolsey Chapel at Windsor, to those proposed for the Albert Memorial and for the altar-piece at Westminster Abbey, to prove that the revival of so venerable and splendid an art is well appreciated in this country. But Dr. Salviati has done more for Venice. Encouraged by the advice of some English artist friends, he has endeavoured to re-establish there a manufactory of table-glasses, which, in quality of material, excellence of design, and spirit of workmanship, promises to vie with anything of the kind which has gone before. Indeed, there seems little reason why it should fall short of former excellence. In England, the great difficulty of bringing about such a revival would probably be the want of skill in the art-workman. But at Murano these poor glass-blowers appear to inherit as a kind of birthright the technical skill in a trade which made their forefathers famous. Better wages, a more interesting occupation than they formerly enjoyed, and, may be a feeling of national pride which recent events have awakened, combine to encourage their efforts. Dr. Salviati has done his best to procure good designs (some of which have been furnished by Mr. Norman Shaw), and old examples for the men to copy. Already a little dépôt for the glass has been opened in Oxford-street, and considering how short a time has elapsed since the first attempt was made, the specimens which have reached England are remarkably good. Of course the smooth perfections and stereotyped neatness of ordinary English goods are neither aimed at nor found in this ware. But if fair colour, free grace of form, and artistic quality of material, constitute excellence in such manufacture, this is the best modern glass which has been produced.

MUSIC.

A POSTSCRIPT to our last week's summary of the Opera Season is necessary to record the admirable performance, at the Royal Italian Opera, of Mozart's "Figaro;" which was reserved for the two final nights (Friday and Saturday last). In some respects, perhaps, the opera has never yet been so finely given, although in one or two points some improvement might have been desired. Such a Cherubino as Mdlle. Pauline Lucca has not been within our experience, and we doubt if the part was ever yet realized with so admirable a combination of dramatic and vocal power. As an actress Mdlle. Lucca portrayed the pert, petted, and prematurely-knowing page with a mixture of vivacity and grace, forwardness and refinement, belonging to the best school of elegant comedy. Nothing could surpass the finish and variety of her by-play, in action and gesture; and her performance, viewed merely as a histrionic display, was a consummate specimen of stage art. As a vocalist, Mdlle. Lucca gave the exquisite music with a purity of style, a perfection of phrasing, and a touching pathos that would have atoned for the most indifferent acting; while on the other hand, so admirable was her dramatic conception and execution of the part that it would have redeemed very inferior singing. Such excellence in both capacities has seldom been combined in one artist, and Mdlle. Lucca's Cherubino will raise even the high position she had already attained by her other varied and versatile performances. Almost as good was the Countess of Mdlle. Ariot, the grace and refinement of whose style, both of acting and singing, are especially valuable in a part so essentially demanding such qualities. But one fault could be found with her performance, and that was the interpolation of a few notes of embellishment in her air, "Dove sono." This was an error of judgment—the text of Mozart, like that of Shakespeare, should neither be enlarged on or paraphrased. The part of Susanna was satisfactorily filled by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, who gave her principal air, "Deh vieni non tardar," in the style of a thoroughly trained artist. M. Faure's Figaro is the best we have ever seen—if any objection can be raised to it, it may perhaps be said to be a little too refined and gentlemanly; but surely this is preferable to the other extreme of making Figaro a kind of Jack-pudding or Merry-Andrew, as we have seen it rendered. Then, as to the music of the part—it has certainly never been sung so admirably as by M. Faure—his finished execution and admirable declamation being those of an artist of the highest class. Signor Graziani, as the Count, sang admirably, as usual; but his appearance and manner were rather those of a tyrant of feudal

romance than of a jealous husband of comparatively modern comedy. The characters of Bartolo and Basilio were efficiently filled by Signori Ciampi and Neri-Baraldi—and the general effect of the opera, as given on this occasion, was such as should lead to its frequent repetition next season. The house will reopen on Monday next for Mr. Mellon's annual series of concerts.

Her Majesty's Theatre still keeps open with "last nights at cheap prices"—next week being announced as the termination.

The concert given by Mr. Moscheles at St. James's Hall, on Monday last, possessed three special features of interest:—the proceeds are to be devoted to the relief of the soldiers wounded in the war; it gave occasion for one of the now rare appearances of Madame Lind-Goldschmidt; and it brought again before the public the veteran pianist, Mr. Moscheles, who passed so many of the best years of his professional life among us before his retirement to Leipzig. The art of pianoforte playing owes much to Mr. Moscheles—he, contemporaneously with Hummel and Kalkbrenner, was one of the earliest pioneers of that brilliant executive school which followed the period of Clementi and Cramer, and led to the still more modern intricacies of mechanism developed by Thalberg and his followers. Both as a composer of much excellent pianoforte music, and as an interpreter of the works of Beethoven and other classics, the name of Mr. Moscheles will long stand honourably recorded in the annals of the art. His reception was as enthusiastic as he himself could have desired; and when the venerable professor mounted the platform and played (mostly from memory) several of his admirable studies with a precision, a rapidity of finger, and a distinctness of rhythm that reminded one of his best days, the applause was so continuous that the master re-seated himself, and gave two more of those "Studies" which have long since ranked among the most valuable works for the cultivation of mechanical excellence and refined taste. Some new variations on "The harmonious blacksmith;" an improvised fantasia on fragments from Beethoven's symphony in C minor and "See the conquering hero;" and the performance of the primo part of a concertante of his own composition, and an overture, for four players on two pianofortes (the other executants being Messrs. Goldschmidt, Hallé, and Benedict) exhibited Mr. Moscheles's powers and energies in a manner as gratifying to those who remember him of yore as it must have been interesting to all who then heard him for the first time. The hall was so full that the result can scarcely fail to be largely conducive to the purpose for which the concert was given.

SCIENCE.

PROFESSOR STRUVE has determined that the little star near Sirius is really a satellite, and not, as had been thought, a star in the same line of vision, but immensely distant from the greater body.

The rich aromatic perfume so commonly possessed by many of the orchid family is well known, but hitherto vanilla has been the only article of human consumption they have contributed to commerce. The leaves of the angrecum fragrans of Thouars, an epiphytal orchid of the island of Bourbon, where it is known under the name of Faham, have however recently been introduced in Paris as a most agreeable beverage. This new description of tea is already become a regular article of trade; and if we are to believe the enterprising French firm, by whom it has been imported, "Faham" is destined to become a household word. A sample of this new kind of tea has recently been received at the Kew Museum, packed in a very neat canister-shaped box, as now sold in Paris. These boxes are of two sizes: the smaller, containing material sufficient for making fifty cups of Faham, is sold at 2f. 50c.; and the larger, rather more than twice the size, at 5f. Upon opening the box in question the perfume emitted was exceedingly powerful, and very similar to that of the Tonquin bean. The leaves are simply dried, not shrivelled, by heat, like those of tea, but as flat as the contents of an herbarium. The infusion is of a very light colour, and many will probably prefer its fragrance to the aroma of tea. The perfume from the teapot is certainly very agreeable, and is an undoubted novelty in Europe. Faham, however, is by no means a new production. From time immemorial the natives of the islands of Réunion and Mauritius have preferred it to tea, and every traveller has participated in this preference, George Sand having eulogized it thirty years ago in his eloquent description of the isle of Bourbon. It combines the tonic and digestive qualities of tea without its tendency to produce sleeplessness.

In a lecture at the Royal Institution on the shooting stars of the years 1865-66, Mr. Alexander Herschel has attempted to show that they have periodical returns like comets, and in support of this position, he referred to the records of observations made from time to time during the last 1,000 years. Observations show that during every clear night in this hemisphere shooting stars may be seen, the ordinary number being about thirty an hour; but that in certain months, especially in the beginning of November, the number of these stars is greatly increased. It appears also that at intervals of thirty-three years there have been noticed very remarkable showers of shooting stars. One of these periods will occur about the 13th of November next.

A new kind of kiln for burning bricks has lately been introduced, which effects a two-fold economy of fuel; first, it saves the heat of the gaseous products of combustion and unconsumed air

passing through and away from the burning bricks by applying this heat to drying the new fresh bricks about to be burnt, and raising them to an incandescent temperature, so that only a very slight addition of heat directly from ignited fuel is required to complete their burning; and secondly, it saves the heat of the cooling bricks after their having been sufficiently fired by applying it all to warming the air which goes forward to supply the fires, so that the fuel is burnt by air, the whole of which has been previously raised to a high temperature. The kiln constitutes a circular tunnel, divided into twelve or more compartments, with a doorway to each. In the centre of the ring a high chimney is erected, and from each of the compartments of the annular chamber an underground flue leads into the chimney, converging towards the centre, like the spokes of a wheel, and each flue has a valve or damper, by which its communication with the chimney can be cut off. Arrangements are made by which a partition like a damper or portcullis can be let down at pleasure, so as to cut off all communication between any of the compartments and the adjoining one. When at work, two adjacent compartments have their entrance-doors open, all the rest being perfectly closed. From one, men are taking out the finished and cooled bricks, and in the other one they are building up newly-formed unburnt bricks, which are not yet quite dry. The air entering at the compartment from which the cooled bricks are being removed, passes first amongst bricks almost cold, and takes up their heat, then proceeds to warmer, and so traverses onward the bricks—each successive compartment being hotter than the preceding, till it reaches the compartment opposite the one at which it entered, containing the fire, which is fed by a little small coal being dropped from time to time through small openings in the top of the arch, closed by air-tight lids. The products of combustion, after passing through the sequence of chambers in which the bricks are drying, enters the chimney from the chamber adjoining the one in which the fresh bricks are being inserted. An economy of fuel, amounting to two-thirds, is effected by the preceding arrangement.

A new musical instrument of striking power and sweetness, and at the same time extremely simple, has been recently exhibited at Paris, where it called forth great admiration. It resembles a piano with upright strings, except that the latter are replaced by tuning-forks, which, to strengthen the sound, are arranged between two small tubes, one above and the other below them. The tuning-forks are sounded by hammers, and are brought to silence at the proper time by means of dampers. The sounds thus produced, which resemble those of the harmonium, without being quite so soft, are extremely pure and penetrating. They are very persistent, yet instantly arrested by the use of the dampers.

M. Fuster has read before the Academy of Sciences of Paris a paper on the "Action of Raw Meat and Alcoholic Drinks on the treatment of Pulmonary Phthisis and other Consumptive Diseases." More than two thousand observations made by him and other physicians have led him to the conclusion that the use of raw meat and alcoholic drink arrests the progress of these diseases as is shown by the return of strength, the animated look, improved appetite, and increase of flesh. By means of it as much as fifteen pounds in weight have been gained in four weeks. The hectic fever, diarrhoea, and violent perspirations, disappear, and when the vomice are not too far advanced, a healing takes place.

A patent has been taken out by Mr. Walter Weldon for an economic mode of manufacturing carbonate of soda from common salt (a chloride of sodium). The new process is described as consisting "in placing within a vessel capable of resisting the required pressure an equivalent of common salt, and another of carbonate of magnesia with a small quantity of water, and then pumping into the vessel the carbonic acid, formed by causing atmospheric air to traverse coal in a state of ignition. The carbonate thus becomes bicarbonate of magnesia, which dissolves in the water and then decomposes the chloride of sodium, chloride of magnesia which remains in solution, and bicarbonate of soda which precipitates, being formed. The whole process lasts but a quarter of an hour at most, and the cost is only that of the coal used in forming the carbonic acid. A moderate heat drives off the second atom of carbonic acid from the bicarbonate of soda, changing it into carbonate, and the magnesia may be recovered from the chloride by evaporating the solution containing it to dryness and raising the residue to a temperature below redness." The uses to which carbonate of soda is applied are so various and extensive, that the economy effected by this new process of manufacture promises to be of great value and importance in the arts.

It affords us pleasure to announce that the members of the medical profession have organized a large and influential committee for the purpose of presenting to Dr. Benjamin W. Richardson a substantial testimonial in recognition of his untiring and eminently successful labours in the cause of science and humanity. As Dr. Richardson, in addition to his original work as a physiologist, has contributed many essays of value to general literature, besides being one of the earliest and most prominent of our sanitary reformers, it is expected that the public will be invited to take part in this recognition. The first meeting of the committee was held on Thursday last, James Paget, Esq., F.R.S., in the chair.

Apocryph to the services of Dr. Richardson, the *Medical Times* of last week reports that the great operation of Cæsarian section has been a second time successfully and *painlessly* performed under Dr. Richardson's local anæsthetic process, Dr. Newman, of Stamford, being the operator.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

THE continuance of the high rates of interest in the money market, and the consequent position of our merchants and manufacturers in their competition with foreign nations, has led to general discussion amongst well-informed financial circles in the City, as to the causes of the lengthened stress upon the trade of the country. It is therefore not at all surprising that the House of Commons, which is generally a correct mirror of public opinion, whatever advanced politicians may think to the contrary, should have been occupied during the past week in one of those discussions which are more suggestive than decisive. So great has hitherto been the confidence in the prosperity of the commerce of the United Kingdom, that the existence of such rates as 10 per cent. for the last three months continuously, and with a knowledge that the Bank of France is at the same time almost suffering from a plethora, may well excuse us when we share the astonished feelings of the merchants of London, Liverpool, and Manchester. We have been assured over and over again, by great financial authorities, that under certain probable circumstances, such as the relaxation of the Bank Charter Act, the commencement of actual hostilities, or the return of peace on the Continent, affairs would again revert to their ordinary condition. We have passed through these events, and have the immediate prospect, if not the actual condition of peace; and yet at the moment we write, it is a matter of speculation whether the Directors of the Bank can afford to relax their grip upon the money market. The debate, therefore, has come very opportunely, and although as yet it has been productive of no very decisive action, yet we may take this to be the general condition of public opinion out of doors. The question of the actual and positive existence of our monetary difficulties has been raised; and thus far we are in a better mode for improvement, than whilst believing in the general theory of inexhaustible wealth and prosperity. Any reference to published accounts will show at a glance that our trade has been increasing at a considerable ratio, that our exports, which, in the year 1861, were £159,632,000, had come to be £218,858,000 in the year 1865; but, on the other hand, we have been large if not profligate consumers of foreign produce and manufactures; for in the same period, 1861, we imported £217,485,000, and in 1865 this had advanced to £271,135,000, thus placing the excess of imports over exports at a total of £52,277,000. We are aware that in striking the difference, there are many items that can be taken into account to lessen this balance against us; such as merchants' charges of profit, shipping freights, brokerage, and insurances, or otherwise the whole of the bullion received from our Australian colonies would be absorbed to supply the deficiency. Upon any supposition, this question leaves an opening for discussion, as to our capabilities in competition with foreign manufacturers, and our requirements for the national commissariat, in which we stand more especially in need after such a harvest as that of last year.

The condition of the money market, and the greater ease in Paris being at the same time coincident with a contrary state of affairs, is especially worthy of notice; and for this purpose we turn to the trade returns of the French Government, and there we find the exports of French merchandise, which, in 1861, were £77,050,000, had risen in 1864 to £116,967,000; whereas the imports for home consumption, which in 1861 were £97,693,000, showing a balance against France of £20,643,000, had become in 1864 £101,126,000, or a balance in favour to the amount of £15,841,000. Here we have a completely reverse action in trade to that of the United Kingdom, and the difference in the positions of the two banking establishments becomes the more remarkable, and opens many speculations as to the correctness of some of our preconceived notions of trade and finance.

The hitherto firm attitude of the Bank of England has succeeded in detaining, to some extent, the supplies of bullion that have come to our shores, as we find in the trade and navigation accounts published on Monday, the total imports of gold and silver for the month of June had been £7,765,628, and the exports only £4,149,040; and for the six months as £16,603,137 against £11,122,561. Our exports of British and Irish produce were for the month as £14,630,120 against £13,227,062 of the corresponding month of last year; but of the total import account we are not yet in possession, except of enumerated articles, which were as £23,224,762 against £14,595,334; therefore, before we can draw any correct inference on this head, we must await the next quarterly return.

Amongst the commercial publications during the week we have to notice the "Statistical Abstract of the Colonies from the

years 1851 to 1864," being one of the small and useful publications we occasionally receive from the statistical department of the Board of Trade. Therein is contained a compendious account of the population, revenue and expenditure, shipping and trade of India and all our Colonial Possessions, with tables of some of the principal articles of import and export in greater detail.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE artificial pressure produced in the money market by the Bank rate of 10 per cent., continues without alteration. Another Thursday has passed by, and again the directors have refrained from taking a step which would be at least as beneficial to the Bank as to the general public, viz., that of adopting a reduction in the exorbitant terms now enforced. It may be admitted that the Bank accounts show little improvement, but the question remains, what is the best course that can be taken to bring about this change, which every one so eagerly awaits? The directors have now maintained their rate of discount at the unprecedented point of 10 per cent. for nearly three months, while the panic, properly so called, lasted less than one. If, therefore, they find that their reserve is increasing but slowly, that bullion comes in by mere dribbles instead of by hundreds of thousands of pounds at a time, only one inference can be drawn. Their present policy has failed, and should be replaced by a better. The Bank are squeezing the throat of commerce in order to extort back the sums previously lent out, and commerce refuses to give them up. In other words the public, under the influence of 10 per cent., will not part with the additional circulation it withdrew during the crisis. The moral of this proceeding lies on the surface. Let panic be allayed and the money now necessarily locked up in desks and safes will return to its more legitimate repository, the Bank of England, as surely as in ordinary times. While, however, the directors persist in dealing with a period of transition as one identical with that of pressure, the public are certain to experience groundless alarm, and to protect themselves even at the cost of much loss. A more singular dead-lock than that which now weighs upon the mercantile community has never existed. Everybody insists that there is no real cause for want of confidence, and yet acts as if there were ample reasons for distrust. A change would soon come provided those with sufficient standing and authority were to take the lead. Unluckily, the directors of the Bank who hold this position are unable or unwilling to fully understand their responsibility. For weeks they have had it within their power to restore the confidence destroyed for a time by the great banking and financial failures, and they have as steadily misused their opportunity. It seems almost hopeless to expect a change when week after week witnesses nothing more judicious than a blind adherence to a policy which actually defeats its own object.

In the general discount market it is pretty evident that the supply of money is large, but, as holders will not lend, for all the practical purposes of commerce it might just as well not exist. Occasionally we are told of some leviathan firm obtaining discount at $6\frac{1}{2}$ or 7 per cent.; but it need hardly be said that these exceptional transactions afford no accurate view of the actual case. Even merchants of high standing find it difficult to cash their paper at 9 or $9\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., while second or third class traders obtain accommodation often with extreme difficulty, and always on terms which can leave them scarcely any profit on their business. They go struggling on, it is true, hoping for better times; and comparatively but few complaints are heard. Those, however, who are initiated in the secrets of commerce know well how great are the private sufferings now undergone, the needless sacrifices of position that are made, and the exhausting efforts to maintain individual credit when the Bank rate of discount is kept for three months at 10 per cent. The true history of the present crisis will, in all probability, never be told. Both from feeling and interest private traders are loath to obtrude their losses upon the public, but that they have been greater than at any time within the memory of the last two generations few will be found to deny.

The half-yearly meetings of the Joint-Stock Bank of London terminated to-day, with that of the London and County. Considering all the circumstances, the profits shown may be considered satisfactory. On the one hand, the banks have benefited by the high rates of discount; on the other, they have lost by bad debts, by the necessity of keeping a large part of their capital immediately available and, consequently, unemployed, and perhaps by the sale of Government securities

at low prices, which have since had to be replaced at an advance. The dividends declared have been as follows:—

	Rate per cent. per annum.
London and Westminster	28
Union Bank	25
London Joint Stock	20
London and County	22
City Bank	12
Alliance	5
Consolidated	nil.
Imperial	8

Certainly, these results are not unfavourable. In the majority of cases the dividends have been higher, and only one bank has been unable to pay anything, for reasons which are too recent not to be familiar to the minds of our readers.

The effect of the disturbance of trade caused by the panic is beginning to be shown by the railway dividends now in course of announcement. It is evident that the traffic has been materially affected during the past half-year, partly by the lessened demand for goods both at home and abroad, and partly from the decline in pleasure expenditure, which would necessarily result from the pressure during a period of pecuniary difficulty. Setting aside the question of temporary profit, there can be no doubt of the generally-recognised value of home railway stocks for permanent investment; that such has been the feeling of the public for some time past is shown by the comparatively few speculative movements that take place now in these securities on the Stock Exchange. Seven or eight years ago the transactions for the account were in this department far more numerous than in Consols, at present they are comparatively few, and nine times out of ten represent *bonâ fide* purchasers and sales in lieu of mere gambling transactions. The discredit which has latterly attached to foreign investments, once so much in favour with the British public, through a succession of defaults in all parts of the globe, has necessarily caused more attention to be paid to securities which yield a certain though nominally smaller return. The last proceeding of Venezuela, in confiscating the revenues pledged to the 1864 loan, has occurred opportunely to increase this feeling. Until a month ago the Venezuelan Government retained a vestige of honesty; it was not much, perhaps, but still it was better than nothing. This vestige has now been cast aside, and with it has gone the last shred of confidence that was placed in the honour of that shameless republic.

THE Bank of England directors have not deemed it expedient to reduce their minimum rate of discount, which is, consequently, continued at 10 per cent.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about at par, and the short exchange on London is 25.12½ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price at £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about 2-10ths per cent. dearer in Paris than in London.

The cost of exchange at New York on London for bills at sixty days' sight is 109 to 109½ per cent. With the present high rate of interest here, there is a profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

The biddings for bills on India took place on Wednesday at the Bank of England. The proportions allotted were—to Calcutta, 23,14,500rs.; to Madras, 56,000rs.; and to Bombay, 1,79,000rs. The minimum of price was as before, 1s. 10d. on Calcutta and Madras, and 1s. 10½d. on Bombay, at which rates allotments were made in full.

In the matter of Overend, Gurney, and Co. (limited) the case of Mr. Henry Grissell, who is a shareholder of eighty shares, and a depositor of £16,000, was taken by Vice-Chancellor Kindersley on Wednesday as representing that of the class of depositors who are also shareholders. The Vice-Chancellor decided that, according to the present law, Mr. Grissell is a partner, and as such can receive no part of his deposit until all other creditors are paid in full, but must meanwhile pay calls upon his shares. Considering that the remaining liability of Mr. Grissell on his share is fixed at £2,800, and that the debt due to him by the company is £16,000, the hardship of his position is most striking, and will furnish another warning to the public to have as little to do as possible with any limited companies on which any portion of the capital remains uncalled.

At a meeting of shareholders in the Crédit Foncier and Mobilier of England, held on Monday, the proposals (which have already been made public) for reconstituting the company in 200,000 £10 shares were approved. A resolution in accordance with the proposals of the directors was unanimously adopted. The discussion lasted three hours.

The following circular, announcing a proposed call of £10 per share on the shares in Overend, Gurney, and Co. (limited), has been issued by the liquidators of that undertaking:—

In Chancery.—In the matter of the Companies Act, 1862, and in the matter of Overend, Gurney, and Co. (limited). Notice is hereby given that we, the undersigned liquidators, appointed to wind up the above-named company, shall on Monday, the 20th day of August, 1866, at twelve o'clock at noon precisely, at No. 65, Lombard-street,

in the City of London, proceed to make a call on the several persons who have been settled on the list of contributories of the said company, and that we propose that such call shall be for ten pounds per share on all the contributories of the said company. All persons interested are entitled to attend at such day, hour, and place, to offer objections to such call.

WM. TURQUAND, } Liquidators.
R. P. HARDING, }

Dated the 28th day of July, 1866.

Subjoined is a statement (from Mr. Slaughter's *Weekly List*) of the railway calls falling due in the month of August. The total is above the average:—

Amount per Share.					
Due in August, 1866.	Due Already		Call.	Number	Amount.
	Date.	Paid.		of Shares.	
Caledonian New Stock issued at £116	1	dep.	all	£540,000
Glasgow and South Western £10 shares issued at 1 pm.	1	2½	2 15 0	80,000	220,000
Great Southern of India 4½ per cent. shares	27	12	3 0 0	17,500	52,500
Metropolitan Extension	2	8	2 0 0	190,000	380,000
Midland New £9	31	5	2 0 0	118,925	237,850
Total in August					£1,430,350
Total in eight months of 1866					£9,560,651

The London and North-Western Railway traffic returns shows this week an increase of £879 over last year; the Great Western, an increase of £4,907; the Midland, an increase of £562; the Great Northern, an increase of £3,563; the Great Eastern, a decrease of £486; and the London and South-Western, a decrease of £645.

The following notification was issued by the Bank of England:—Notice is hereby given, that in order to prepare the dividends due on the 10th October, 1866, the balances of the several accounts in the following funds will be struck on the night of Saturday, the 1st September, 1866, viz.:—New £3 per Cent. Annuities, Reduced £3 per Cent. Annuities, Annuities for Thirty Years, Annuities for Terms of Years, India £4 per Cent. Stock. On Monday, the 3rd September, the above-named funds will be transferable without the dividend due on the 10th October next.

Bank Stock.—Shut, Wednesday, 12th September; open, Thursday, 11th October.

In Vice-Chancellor Kindersley's Court a motion was made on behalf of a person named Seaton, a holder of five recently purchased shares in the Crédit Foncier and Mobilier of England, relating to some alleged transactions in the shares of the City of Milan Improvements Company, and attempting to impugn the reconstruction of the Crédit Foncier Company, has been dismissed, with costs against Seaton.

The report of the London and County Bank, after declaring the usual dividend of 6 per cent. for the half-year, with a bonus in addition of 5 per cent. (equal to 22 per cent. per annum), shows a balance of £17,468 to be carried forward to the profit and loss new account.

At the half-yearly meeting of the Consolidated Bank at Manchester on Tuesday the report showed a balance of profit and loss to the 30th of June amounting to £70,281, which is transferred to meet any contingencies that may arise. It was stated that the directors had taken no remuneration, and that the capital and reserve fund remain intact, notwithstanding the occurrences of the last few months. The whole of the new capital has been taken by the proprietors, and the paid-up capital will amount to £800,000, making the subscribed total £2,000,000. Some of the directors have volunteered to retire to make room for important accessions to the Board; and since the reopening the business of the bank has been very satisfactory. The Norwich branch has been transferred to the National Provincial Bank of England, and the London business is permanently settled at the premises lately occupied by the Bank of London.

Advices from Manchester state that the Preston Bank is likely to be re-opened for business within a fortnight.

Messrs. Mocatta & Goldsmid thus report of the bullion market:—Since ours of the 13th inst., there has been a steady and very decided decline in the prices of all descriptions of silver, the demand for Germany having quite ceased, and that for Holland having much slackened. In the face of the continued advance of the continental exchanges, it is not likely that silver will rally for some time to come, and it will probably be a long while before there is any revival of the demand for the East. The dollars just arrived by the Mexican packet have realized 4s. 11d. per oz., but the market is not very firm, and a further quantity is expected in a few days by the *St. Nazaire* steamer. Almost all the gold which has recently arrived has been taken for France, but the demand is by no means so strong now as it has been for many weeks past. Besides some rather large arrivals from Australia last week, sovereigns continue to be received from the Levant, and moderate amounts of gold still come forward from America.

COTTON AT SEA EN ROUTE TO ENGLAND.—From Bombay there are 336,734 bales afloat en route to Liverpool; from Madras, 14,615 bales; from Coconada, 5988 bales; from Rangoon, 1180 bales; from Kurachee, 8567 bales; from Calcutta, 124,997 bales; from Taticorin, 2575 bales; from Shanghai, 12,036 bales; from New Orleans, 8924 bales; from Mobile, 3795 bales; from Galveston, 1780 bales; but there are six vessels afloat, the cargoes of which have not as yet been reported, and there are also eleven vessels afloat from New York, Pensacola, Charleston, Apalachicola, and Savannah, the cargoes of which will no doubt consist partly of cotton, although their manifests have not yet reached Liverpool. To London there are afloat from Madras, 22,866 bales; Calcutta, 31,223 bales; Bimlipatam, 369 bales; China, Cochin, and Taticorin, 20,280 bales; Bombay, 11,360 bales; and from Japan, 310 bales.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

MR. SWINBURNE'S POEMS AND BALLADS.*

FROM the concluding verses of Mr. Swinburne's new volume, we infer that most, if not all, of these poems were written some years ago, when the author was very young. We hardly know whether or not to hope that this may be so. On the one hand, it would be a relief to think that possibly the diseased state of mind out of which many of them must have issued may have passed away; on the other hand, it would be an additional pain (certainly not wanted) to suppose that such corrupt and acrid thoughts could have proceeded from the very spring and blossoming of youth. For we do not know when we have read a volume so depressing and misbegotten—in many of its constituents so utterly revolting. Mr. Swinburne, in his address to Victor Hugo, speaks of having been brought up in France; and it would seem as if he had familiarized himself with the worst circles of Parisian life, and drenched himself in the worst creations of Parisian literature (to the exclusion of the better parts of both), until he can see scarcely anything in the world, or beyond it, but lust, bitterness, and despair. Being a poet, he sees beauty also, of necessity; and this is the one redeeming feature in what would otherwise be a carnival of ugly shapes. But even the beauty of poetic expression, of which he is so great a master, cannot hide the truly horrible substratum of a large part of the present volume. The writer seems to have taken pains to shock in the highest degree, we will not say English conventional morals, but the commonest decencies of all modern lands. For the counterpart of some of his subjects we must go back to the writers of antiquity; and even in them we shall not find the jibing cynicism, the seemingly conscious revelling in the actual sense of evil, which throws such a lurid shadow over many of these pages. Mr. Swinburne deliberately selects the most depraved stories of the ancient world, and the most feculent corruptions of modern civilization, and dwells upon them with a passionate zest and long-drawn elaboration of enjoyment, which is only less shocking than the cold, sarcastic sneer with which (after the fury of sensual passion has vented itself in every form of libidinous metaphor) he assures us that these are not only the best things in the world, but better than anything we can hope for or conceive beyond the world. The strangest and most melancholy fact in these strange and melancholy poems is, not the *absence* of faith, but the presence of a faith which mocks at itself, and takes pleasure in its own degradation. Mr. Swinburne apparently believes in a God, for he makes use of his name with unnecessary frequency; but, quite as often as not, it is to revile him for suffering the merest riot of the senses to end in disappointment and satiety. He seems to have some idea of a heaven; but he tells us in plain language, and in several places, that it is a poor matter compared with a courtesan's caresses. He speaks of a hell, but says he would gladly encounter it for one minute's hot enjoyment. To such faith as this we prefer blank atheism. The atheist may retain his belief in human nature, in goodness, in purity, in self-sacrifice, in the progress and perfection of the world; and may move onward to the grave, in his sad hopeless way, with something of dignity and reverential awe. But a faith that laughs at itself, that insults its own deities and defiles its own temples—this is the wildest and the dreariest aberration of all. There are indeed passages in Shelley (written in his less hopeful moods) which seem to indicate that he believed at times in some malignant persecution of the human race—and these are very much to be regretted; but they are the exceptions. Dominant above them all rises the poet's faith in the natural goodness of things, in the accidental character of evil, in the undying and unquenchable aspirations of the soul after moral beauty and nobility of living. Except as a system of ethics, Shelley rejected Christianity; but he neither lowered humanity nor desecrated the world. Mr. Swinburne will at times talk in the language even of mediæval faith, and the next moment will turn round with a sort of Mephistophelian laugh, and, in effect, bid us revel like men in plague-time, for there is nothing so good either here or hereafter. And then he will fall to cursing, because delight in excess has loathing and despair for its twin brothers. This is literally the spirit of a large part of his volume; and the truly beautiful and tender things he has written in other parts, only make us regret the more the unhappy perversities by which they are accompanied. It is impossible to deny the power of such poems as "Laus Veneris," "Phædra," "Les Noyades," "Anactoria," "Fragoletta," "Faustine," "Dolores," &c.; but it is equally impossible to see why they should have been written. "Anactoria" and "Dolores" are especially horrible. The first is supposed to be uttered by Sappho, and, beginning with an insane extravagance of passion, it ends in raging blasphemy. The second is a mere deification of incontinence. Both are depraved and morbid in the last degree.

We are unaffectedly sorry to be obliged to write in this manner of Mr. Swinburne's last volume. We were among the first to recognise the extraordinary genius exhibited in "Atalanta in Calydon," and again in "Chastelard"; and we hoped that whatever excess of purely animal passion they showed would be speedily toned down by deeper thought and larger experience. In both there were evidences of that hopeless mode of looking at life which Mr. Swinburne seems now to have erected into a species of faith; but in the first of those fine dramas the feeling was appropriate to

a certain side of the ancient Greek nature, and in the other it harmonized with the gloomy tale which had been selected for illustration. While regretting that it had been so persistently dwelt on, we did not see any reason for concluding that it was an integral and unescapable element of the writer's genius; nor, in "Chastelard," were we disposed to make too much of the warmth of particular passages, because the tragedy with which they were associated took them out of the region of mere sensuousness, and elevated them into that of awe and wonderment. But when we find the same characteristics repeated in a third volume, and without any excuse of dramatic fitness, we are led to fear that the fault is radical, the evil deliberately chosen. We are unable any longer to refrain from noticing that which is evidently systematic, and which challenges comment by repeated iteration. We do so regretfully, for we see in these baleful extravagances the rock on which a splendid genius will assuredly be wrecked, unless it yet has strength enough to turn aside from the imminent danger. If Mr. Swinburne has any ambition of earning for himself a permanent place in English literature—an ambition which he is certainly entitled to entertain—he is doing his best to destroy all chance of ever realizing such a dream. This kind of writing is so alien to the spirit of our country that it can obtain no root in the national soil. Men may wonder at it for a time; they will cast it out and forget it in the end. The contemporary dramatists of Shakespeare have perished, except in the knowledge of a few, in consequence of the strange fascination they found in forbidden subjects. Byron has suffered from the same cause; yet Byron was a more moderate offender than the author of these "Poems and Ballads." The fate which has overtaken others must overtake him also if he is determined to pursue this disastrous path; and we shall have to say of him as of them, that he ruined his genius for the sake of an ugly eccentricity, which is no more poetical than it is decent.

Let us turn from the worse to the better aspects of this volume. Nothing can exceed the beauty and lyrical sweetness of some of the poems; and when Mr. Swinburne sings such an exquisite measure as this, called "Itylus"—in which all the sad old story relives in pulse and passion of music—we forget the heavy reek and mire through which we have been dragged:—

"Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow,
How can thine heart be full of the spring?
A thousand summers are over and dead.
What hast thou found in the spring to follow?
What hast thou found in thine heart to sing?
What wilt thou do when the summer is shed?"

O swallow, sister, O fair swift swallow,
Why wilt thou fly after spring to the south,
The soft south whither thine heart is set?
Shall not the grief of the old time follow?
Shall not the song thereof cleave to thy mouth?
Hast thou forgotten ere I forget?

Sister, my sister, O fleet sweet swallow,
Thy way is long to the sun and the south;
But I, fulfilled of my heart's desire,
Shedding my song upon height, upon hollow,
From tawny body and sweet small mouth
Feed the heart of the night with fire.

I the nightingale all spring through,
O swallow, sister, O changing swallow,
All spring through till the spring be done,
Clothed with the light of the night on the dew,
Sing, while the hours and the wild birds follow,
Take flight and follow and find the sun.

Sister, my sister, O soft light swallow,
Though all things feast in the spring's guest-chamber,
How hast thou heart to be glad thereof yet?
For where thou fleest I shall not follow,
Till life forget and death remember,
Till thou remember and I forget.

Swallow, my sister, O singing swallow,
I know not how thou hast heart to sing.
Hast thou the heart? is it all past over?
Thy lord the summer is good to follow,
And fair the feet of thy lover the spring:
But what wilt thou say to the spring thy lover?

O swallow, sister, O fleeting swallow,
My heart in me is a molten ember,
And over my head the waves have met.
But thou wouldst tarry or I would follow,
Could I forget or thou remember,
Couldst thou remember and I forget.

O sweet stray sister, O shifting swallow,
The heart's division divideth us.
Thy heart is light as a leaf of a tree;
But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow
To the place of the slaying of Itylus,
The feast of Daulis, the Thracian sea.

O swallow, sister, O rapid swallow,
I pray thee sing not a little space.
Are not the roofs and the lintels wet?
The woven web that was plain to follow,
The small slain body, the flower-like face,
Can I remember if thou forget?

* Poems and Ballads. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Moxon & Co.

O sister, sister, thy first begotten !
 The hands that cling and the feet that follow,
 The voice of the child's blood crying yet,
Who hath remembered me ? who hath forgotten ?
 Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,
 But the world shall end when I forget."

Of a higher mood, and very full of pathos and poignant grief,
 is the "Ballad of Burdens :"—

"The burden of fair women. Vain delight,
 And love self-slain in some sweet shameful way,
 And sorrowful old age that comes by night
 As a thief comes that has no heart by day,
 And change that finds fair cheeks and leaves them grey,
 And weariness that keeps awake for hire,
 And grief that says what pleasure used to say ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of bought kisses. This is sore,
 A burden without fruit in child-bearing ;
 Between the nightfall and the dawn threescore,
 Threescore between the dawn and evening.
 The shuddering in thy lips, the shuddering
 In thy sad eyelids tremulous like fire,
 Makes love seem shameful and a wretched thing.
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of sweet speeches. Nay, kneel down,
 Cover thy head and weep ; for verily
 These market-men that buy thy white and brown
 In the last days shall take no thought for thee.
 In the last days like earth thy face shall be,
 Yea, like sea-marsh made thick with brine and mire,
 Sad with sick leavings of the sterile sea.
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of long living. Thou shalt fear
 Waking, and sleeping mourn upon thy bed ;
 And say at night ' Would God the day were here,'
 And say at dawn ' Would God the day were dead.'
 With weary days thou shalt be clothed and fed,
 And wear remorse of heart for thine attire,
 Pain for thy girdle and sorrow upon thine head ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of bright colours. Thou shalt see
 Gold tarnished, and the grey above the green ;
 And as the thing thou seest thy face shall be,
 And no more as the thing beforetime seen.
 And thou shalt say of mercy ' It hath been,'
 And living watch the old lips and loves expire,
 And talking, tears shall take thy breath between ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of sad sayings. In that day
 Thou shalt tell all thy days and hours, and tell
 Thy times and ways and words of love, and say
 How one was dear and one desirable,
 And sweet was life to hear and sweet to smell :
 But now with lights reverse the old hours retire,
 And the last hour is shod with fire from hell ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of fair seasons. Rain in spring,
 White rain and wind among the tender trees ;
 A summer of green sorrows gathering,
 Rank autumn in a mist of miseries,
 With sad face set toward the year, that sees
 The charred ash drop out of the dropping pyre,
 And winter wan with many maladies ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of dead faces. Out of sight
 And out of love, beyond the reach of hands,
 Changed in the changing of the dark and light,
 They walk and weep about the barren lands
 Where no seed is nor any garner stands,
 Where in short breaths the doubtful days respire,
 And time's turned glass lets through the sighing sands ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of much gladness. Life and lust
 Forsake thee, and the face of thy delight ;
 And underfoot the heavy hour strews dust,
 And overhead strange weathers burn and bite ;
 And where the red was, lo the bloodless white,
 And where truth was, the likeness of a liar,
 And where day was, the likeness of the night ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

L'ENVOY.

Princes, and ye whom pleasure quickeneth,
 Heed well this rhyme before your pleasure tire ;
 For life is sweet, but after life is death.
 This is the end of every man's desire.

In some of the poems—as in "St. Dorothy," "The King's Daughter," "After Death," "May Janet," "The Bloody Son," and "The Sea Swallows"—Mr. Swinburne has imitated with singular felicity the manner and phraseology of Chaucer and the old ballad-writers. Indeed, the ballad of "The Bloody Son," though here derived from the Finnish, bears a close resemblance to the old Scotch song, "Edward ! Edward !"

Before parting with this volume, we would again beg of Mr.

Swinburne to reconsider his course. The region to which we would have him confine himself is no contracted domain. It sufficed for Homer and for Shakespeare, and might surely content him. No land of prudery or simpering mock-virtue, it is alive with passion and character, warm with colour, rich with the senses and the soul. If he will be true to his better genius, he may be one of the crowned singers in that Elysium of beauty, of power, and of ordered grace. If he gives himself to the guidance of his worse promptings, his path is towards chaos, and his bright commencement will set in tumult and disgrace.

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA.*

APOLLONIUS of Tyana, as described in the clever little treatise before us, was a precursor of the modern Cagliostro. Impostor, magician, and charlatan, he assumed an air of philosophy the better to carry out his cheat. Had he lived in a later century, he would have been Rosicrucian, alchemist, or magnetizer : he would have turned iron nails into gold, and discovered hidden treasures by the divining-rod. He would have pretended to penetrate the mysteries of cabinets, kept gnomes and sylphs in his pay, and conversed with the dead. In this nineteenth century he would have been clairvoyant and spiritualist ; he would have turned tables and rapped out messages from the other world, floated in the air like Home, or untied knots like the Davenport brothers. There is just this difference between Cagliostro and Apollonius—that we know the truth about the first, while of the other we can only guess at the facts through the cloud of fiction with which his biographer Theophrastus has covered them. Perhaps we shall not be far wrong if we take him to be almost as mythical a personage as Hercules, under which name he was worshipped at Ephesus. It is a curious circumstance that a man who is reported to have been an instrument of the partisans of Vindex, Vespasian, and Nerva, and who, according to Philostratus, took such a prominent part in the political intrigues of the day, should not be mentioned by any Greek or Latin historian—neither by Tacitus, Suetonius, nor Plutarch—nor by any heathen poet, fond as they were of the marvellous. In fact, we know almost nothing of Apollonius except through Philostratus, and the biography he wrote has perhaps just as much fact to support it as the legendary history of King Arthur. The period when it was written was a period of strange credulity, and the composition of romantic stories was as fashionable then as novel-writing is now.

At the request of Julia Domna, wife of the Emperor Severus and mother of Caracalla, Philostratus undertook to "edit" the memoirs of the philosopher of Tyana, which Damis, one of his followers, a sort of pagan Boswell, had compiled, which had remained unknown for more than a century, and which had been communicated to the Empress by one of his relatives. Whether such a person as Damis ever existed, whether he is not quite as apocryphal as "Mrs. Harris," and what credit, if any, is to be given to the documents he collected, are matters upon which M. Réville observes a discreet silence. As for Damis, he seems intended to be, like Sancho Panza, a foil to set off the hero of the story. That the biography is a romance based on a very minute foundation of fact, is a point that few will dispute, though M. Réville appears to feel some hesitation on the matter. His clever little essay is not written in any anti-Christian spirit—he is not sufficiently Germanized for that ; but to explain the object which Philostratus, or rather the Empress Julia Domna, had in view in writing the biography. What he has to say on this point is not very satisfactory :—

"History has failed to notice the powerful influence of a priestly family composed entirely of women during its most flourishing days, and which, so long as the dynasty of Severus lasted, did imperceptibly, yet most really and powerfully, turn the tide of events and direct the current of thought in the Roman empire."

That is to say, from A.D. 193 to A.D. 235, the policy of that empire was created and carried out by Julia Domna, wife of Septimius Severus ; by her sister Julia Mæsa ; by Sœmia, mother of Elagabalus ; and by Mammæa, mother of Alexander Severus. This would be very remarkable if it were true ; but, unfortunately for M. Réville's theory, there is nothing in the historians of the time to support it, as any one may convince himself who will take the trouble to consult the edition of Philostratus's works published by Olearius at Leipsic in 1709, or what Tillemont has written on the same subject. We shall presently see how completely the theory breaks down in its most vital point.

At the end of the second century, Paganism began to despair of resisting the spread of Christianity, and, as persecution had been tried and failed, Julia Domna (according to M. Réville) conceived the idea of inventing a Pagan Christ, who should excel the real Christ by the superiority of his miracles and the purity of his life. She thought that if a new gospel could be written—an eclectic gospel, combining portions of all creeds, and admitting every pagan deity—there would be no inducement for the world to accept this strange creed from Judæa. If the scheme were successful, all the old heathen creeds could be merged into one, and the political universalism created by Caracalla would be supplemented by a religious universalism, in which the narrow notions fostered by the various beliefs of paganism would be combined into a system

* Apollonius of Tyana, the Pagan Christ of the Third Century. An Essay by A. Réville, Doctor in Theology and Pastor of the Walloon Church in Rotterdam. London : Hotten.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

MR. SWINBURNE'S POEMS AND BALLADS.*

FROM the concluding verses of Mr. Swinburne's new volume, we infer that most, if not all, of these poems were written some years ago, when the author was very young. We hardly know whether or not to hope that this may be so. On the one hand, it would be a relief to think that possibly the diseased state of mind out of which many of them must have issued may have passed away; on the other hand, it would be an additional pain (certainly not wanted) to suppose that such corrupt and acrid thoughts could have proceeded from the very spring and blossoming of youth. For we do not know when we have read a volume so depressing and misbegotten—in many of its constituents so utterly revolting. 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For the counterpart of some of his subjects we must go back to the writers of antiquity; and even in them we shall not find the jibing cynicism, the seemingly conscious revelling in the actual sense of evil, which throws such a lurid shadow over many of these pages. Mr. Swinburne deliberately selects the most depraved stories of the ancient world, and the most feculent corruptions of modern civilization, and dwells upon them with a passionate zest and long-drawn elaboration of enjoyment, which is only less shocking than the cold, sarcastic sneer with which (after the fury of sensual passion has vented itself in every form of libidinous metaphor) he assures us that these are not only the best things in the world, but better than anything we can hope for or conceive beyond the world. The strangest and most melancholy fact in these strange and melancholy poems is, not the *absence* of faith, but the presence of a faith which mocks at itself, and takes pleasure in its own degradation. Mr. Swinburne apparently believes in a God, for he makes use of his name with unnecessary frequency; but, quite as often as not, it is to revile him for suffering the merest riot of the senses to end in disappointment and satiety. He seems to have some idea of a heaven; but he tells us in plain language, and in several places, that it is a poor matter compared with a courtesan's caresses. He speaks of a hell, but says he would gladly encounter it for one minute's hot enjoyment. To such faith as this we prefer blank atheism. The atheist may retain his belief in human nature, in goodness, in purity, in self-sacrifice, in the progress and perfection of the world; and may move onward to the grave, in his sad hopeless way, with something of dignity and reverential awe. But a faith that laughs at itself, that insults its own deities and defiles its own temples—this is the wildest and the dreariest aberration of all. There are indeed passages in Shelley (written in his less hopeful moods) which seem to indicate that he believed at times in some malignant persecution of the human race—and these are very much to be regretted; but they are the exceptions. Dominant above them all rises the poet's faith in the natural goodness of things, in the accidental character of evil, in the undying and unquenchable aspirations of the soul after moral beauty and nobility of living. Except as a system of ethics, Shelley rejected Christianity; but he neither lowered humanity nor desecrated the world. Mr. Swinburne will at times talk in the language even of mediæval faith, and the next moment will turn round with a sort of Mephistophelian laugh, and, in effect, bid us revel like men in plague-time, for there is nothing so good either here or hereafter. And then he will fall to cursing, because delight in excess has loathing and despair for its twin brothers. This is literally the spirit of a large part of his volume; and the truly beautiful and tender things he has written in other parts, only make us regret the more the unhappy perversities by which they are accompanied. It is impossible to deny the power of such poems as "Laus Veneris," "Phædra," "Les Noyades," "Anactoria," "Fragoletta," "Faustine," "Dolores," &c.; but it is equally impossible to see why they should have been written. "Anactoria" and "Dolores" are especially horrible. The first is supposed to be uttered by Sappho, and, beginning with an insane extravagance of passion, it ends in raging blasphemy. The second is a mere deification of incontinence. Both are depraved and morbid in the last degree.

We are unaffectedly sorry to be obliged to write in this manner of Mr. Swinburne's last volume. We were among the first to recognise the extraordinary genius exhibited in "Atalanta in Calydon," and again in "Chastelard"; and we hoped that whatever excess of purely animal passion they showed would be speedily toned down by deeper thought and larger experience. In both there were evidences of that hopeless mode of looking at life which Mr. Swinburne seems now to have erected into a species of faith; but in the first of those fine dramas the feeling was appropriate to

a certain side of the ancient Greek nature, and in the other it harmonized with the gloomy tale which had been selected for illustration. While regretting that it had been so persistently dwelt on, we did not see any reason for concluding that it was an integral and unescapable element of the writer's genius; nor, in "Chastelard," were we disposed to make too much of the warmth of particular passages, because the tragedy with which they were associated took them out of the region of mere sensuousness, and elevated them into that of awe and wonderment. But when we find the same characteristics repeated in a third volume, and without any excuse of dramatic fitness, we are led to fear that the fault is radical, the evil deliberately chosen. We are unable any longer to refrain from noticing that which is evidently systematic, and which challenges comment by repeated iteration. We do so regretfully, for we see in these baleful extravagances the rock on which a splendid genius will assuredly be wrecked, unless it yet has strength enough to turn aside from the imminent danger. If Mr. Swinburne has any ambition of earning for himself a permanent place in English literature—an ambition which he is certainly entitled to entertain—he is doing his best to destroy all chance of ever realizing such a dream. This kind of writing is so alien to the spirit of our country that it can obtain no root in the national soil. Men may wonder at it for a time; they will cast it out and forget it in the end. The contemporary dramatists of Shakespeare have perished, except in the knowledge of a few, in consequence of the strange fascination they found in forbidden subjects. Byron has suffered from the same cause; yet Byron was a more moderate offender than the author of these "Poems and Ballads." The fate which has overtaken others must overtake him also if he is determined to pursue this disastrous path; and we shall have to say of him as of them, that he ruined his genius for the sake of an ugly eccentricity, which is no more poetical than it is decent.

Let us turn from the worse to the better aspects of this volume. Nothing can exceed the beauty and lyrical sweetness of some of the poems; and when Mr. Swinburne sings such an exquisite measure as this, called "Itylus"—in which all the sad old story relives in pulse and passion of music—we forget the heavy reek and mire through which we have been dragged:—

"Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow,
How can thine heart be full of the spring?
A thousand summers are over and dead.
What hast thou found in the spring to follow?
What hast thou found in thine heart to sing?
What wilt thou do when the summer is shed?"

O swallow, sister, O fair swift swallow,
Why wilt thou fly after spring to the south,
The soft south whither thine heart is set?
Shall not the grief of the old time follow?
Shall not the song thereof cleave to thy mouth?
Hast thou forgotten ere I forget?

Sister, my sister, O fleet sweet swallow,
Thy way is long to the sun and the south;
But I, fulfilled of my heart's desire,
Shedding my song upon height, upon hollow,
From tawny body and sweet small mouth
Feed the heart of the night with fire.

I the nightingale all spring through,
O swallow, sister, O changing swallow,
All spring through till the spring be done,
Clothed with the light of the night on the dew,
Sing, while the hours and the wild birds follow,
Take flight and follow and find the sun.

Sister, my sister, O soft light swallow,
Though all things feast in the spring's guest-chamber,
How hast thou heart to be glad thereof yet?
For where thou fleest I shall not follow,
Till life forget and death remember,
Till thou remember and I forget.

Swallow, my sister, O singing swallow,
I know not how thou hast heart to sing.
Hast thou the heart? is it all past over?
Thy lord the summer is good to follow,
And fair the feet of thy lover the spring:
But what wilt thou say to the spring thy lover?

O swallow, sister, O fleeting swallow,
My heart in me is a molten ember,
And over my head the waves have met.
But thou wouldst tarry or I would follow,
Could I forget or thou remember,
Couldst thou remember and I forget.

O sweet stray sister, O shifting swallow,
The heart's division divideth us.
Thy heart is light as a leaf of a tree;
But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow
To the place of the slaying of Itylus,
The feast of Daulis, the Thracian sea.

O swallow, sister, O rapid swallow,
I pray thee sing not a little space.
Are not the roofs and the lintels wet?
The woven web that was plain to follow,
The small slain body, the flower-like face,
Can I remember if thou forget?

* Poems and Ballads. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Moxon & Co.

O sister, sister, thy first begotten !
 The hands that cling and the feet that follow,
 The voice of the child's blood crying yet,
Who hath remembered me ? who hath forgotten ?
 Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,
 But the world shall end when I forget."

Of a higher mood, and very full of pathos and poignant grief, is the "Ballad of Burdens :"—

"The burden of fair women. Vain delight,
 And love self-slain in some sweet shameful way,
 And sorrowful old age that comes by night
 As a thief comes that has no heart by day,
 And change that finds fair cheeks and leaves them grey,
 And weariness that keeps awake for hire,
 And grief that says what pleasure used to say ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of bought kisses. This is sore,
 A burden without fruit in child-bearing ;
 Between the nightfall and the dawn threescore,
 Threescore between the dawn and evening.
 The shuddering in thy lips, the shuddering
 In thy sad eyelids tremulous like fire,
 Makes love seem shameful and a wretched thing.
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of sweet speeches. Nay, kneel down,
 Cover thy head and weep ; for verily
 These market-men that buy thy white and brown
 In the last days shall take no thought for thee.
 In the last days like earth thy face shall be,
 Yea, like sea-marsh made thick with brine and mire,
 Sad with sick leavings of the sterile sea.
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of long living. Thou shalt fear
 Waking, and sleeping mourn upon thy bed ;
 And say at night ' Would God the day were here,'
 And say at dawn ' Would God the day were dead.'
 With weary days thou shalt be clothed and fed,
 And wear remorse of heart for thine attire,
 Pain for thy girdle and sorrow upon thine head ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of bright colours. Thou shalt see
 Gold tarnished, and the grey above the green ;
 And as the thing thou seest thy face shall be,
 And no more as the thing beforetime seen.
 And thou shalt say of mercy ' It hath been,'
 And living watch the old lips and loves expire,
 And talking, tears shall take thy breath between ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of sad sayings. In that day
 Thou shalt tell all thy days and hours, and tell
 Thy times and ways and words of love, and say
 How one was dear and one desirable,
 And sweet was life to hear and sweet to smell :
 But now with lights reverse the old hours retire,
 And the last hour is shod with fire from hell ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of fair seasons. Rain in spring,
 White rain and wind among the tender trees ;
 A summer of green sorrows gathering,
 Rank autumn in a mist of miseries,
 With sad face set toward the year, that sees
 The charred ash drop out of the dropping pyre,
 And winter wan with many maladies ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of dead faces. Out of sight
 And out of love, beyond the reach of hands,
 Changed in the changing of the dark and light,
 They walk and weep about the barren lands
 Where no seed is nor any garner stands,
 Where in short breaths the doubtful days respire,
 And time's turned glass lets through the sighing sands ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of much gladness. Life and lust
 Forsake thee, and the face of thy delight ;
 And underfoot the heavy hour strews dust,
 And overhead strange weathers burn and bite ;
 And where the red was, lo the bloodless white,
 And where truth was, the likeness of a liar,
 And where day was, the likeness of the night ;
 This is the end of every man's desire.

L'ENVOY.

Princes, and ye whom pleasure quickeneth,
 Heed well this rhyme before your pleasure tire ;
 For life is sweet, but after life is death.
 This is the end of every man's desire.

In some of the poems—as in "St. Dorothy," "The King's Daughter," "After Death," "May Janet," "The Bloody Son," and "The Sea Swallows"—Mr. Swinburne has imitated with singular felicity the manner and phraseology of Chaucer and the old ballad-writers. Indeed, the ballad of "The Bloody Son," though here derived from the Finnish, bears a close resemblance to the old Scotch song, "Edward ! Edward !"

Before parting with this volume, we would again beg of Mr.

Swinburne to reconsider his course. The region to which we would have him confine himself is no contracted domain. It sufficed for Homer and for Shakespeare, and might surely content him. No land of prudery or simpering mock-virtue, it is alive with passion and character, warm with colour, rich with the senses and the soul. If he will be true to his better genius, he may be one of the crowned singers in that Elysium of beauty, of power, and of ordered grace. If he gives himself to the guidance of his worse promptings, his path is towards chaos, and his bright commencement will set in tumult and disgrace.

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA.*

APOLLONIUS of Tyana, as described in the clever little treatise before us, was a precursor of the modern Cagliostro. Impostor, magician, and charlatan, he assumed an air of philosophy the better to carry out his cheat. Had he lived in a later century, he would have been Rosicrucian, alchemist, or magnetizer : he would have turned iron nails into gold, and discovered hidden treasures by the divining-rod. He would have pretended to penetrate the mysteries of cabinets, kept gnomes and sylphs in his pay, and conversed with the dead. In this nineteenth century he would have been clairvoyant and spiritualist ; he would have turned tables and rapped out messages from the other world, floated in the air like Home, or untied knots like the Davenport brothers. There is just this difference between Cagliostro and Apollonius—that we know the truth about the first, while of the other we can only guess at the facts through the cloud of fiction with which his biographer Theophrastus has covered them. Perhaps we shall not be far wrong if we take him to be almost as mythical a personage as Hercules, under which name he was worshipped at Ephesus. It is a curious circumstance that a man who is reported to have been an instrument of the partisans of Vindex, Vespasian, and Nerva, and who, according to Philostratus, took such a prominent part in the political intrigues of the day, should not be mentioned by any Greek or Latin historian—neither by Tacitus, Suetonius, nor Plutarch—nor by any heathen poet, fond as they were of the marvellous. In fact, we know almost nothing of Apollonius except through Philostratus, and the biography he wrote has perhaps just as much fact to support it as the legendary history of King Arthur. The period when it was written was a period of strange credulity, and the composition of romantic stories was as fashionable then as novel-writing is now.

At the request of Julia Domna, wife of the Emperor Severus and mother of Caracalla, Philostratus undertook to "edit" the memoirs of the philosopher of Tyana, which Damis, one of his followers, a sort of pagan Boswell, had compiled, which had remained unknown for more than a century, and which had been communicated to the Empress by one of his relatives. Whether such a person as Damis ever existed, whether he is not quite as apocryphal as "Mrs. Harris," and what credit, if any, is to be given to the documents he collected, are matters upon which M. Réville observes a discreet silence. As for Damis, he seems intended to be, like Sancho Panza, a foil to set off the hero of the story. That the biography is a romance based on a very minute foundation of fact, is a point that few will dispute, though M. Réville appears to feel some hesitation on the matter. His clever little essay is not written in any anti-Christian spirit—he is not sufficiently Germanized for that ; but to explain the object which Philostratus, or rather the Empress Julia Domna, had in view in writing the biography. What he has to say on this point is not very satisfactory :—

"History has failed to notice the powerful influence of a priestly family composed entirely of women during its most flourishing days, and which, so long as the dynasty of Severus lasted, did imperceptibly, yet most really and powerfully, turn the tide of events and direct the current of thought in the Roman empire."

That is to say, from A.D. 193 to A.D. 235, the policy of that empire was created and carried out by Julia Domna, wife of Septimius Severus ; by her sister Julia Mæsa ; by Sæmis, mother of Elagabalus ; and by Mammæa, mother of Alexander Severus. This would be very remarkable if it were true ; but, unfortunately for M. Réville's theory, there is nothing in the historians of the time to support it, as any one may convince himself who will take the trouble to consult the edition of Philostratus's works published by Olearius at Leipsic in 1709, or what Tillemont has written on the same subject. We shall presently see how completely the theory breaks down in its most vital point.

At the end of the second century, Paganism began to despair of resisting the spread of Christianity, and, as persecution had been tried and failed, Julia Domna (according to M. Réville) conceived the idea of inventing a Pagan Christ, who should excel the real Christ by the superiority of his miracles and the purity of his life. She thought that if a new gospel could be written—an eclectic gospel, combining portions of all creeds, and admitting every pagan deity—there would be no inducement for the world to accept this strange creed from Judæa. If the scheme were successful, all the old heathen creeds could be merged into one, and the political universalism created by Caracalla would be supplemented by a religious universalism, in which the narrow notions fostered by the various beliefs of paganism would be combined into a system

* Apollonius of Tyana, the Pagan Christ of the Third Century. An Essay by A. Réville, Doctor in Theology and Pastor of the Walloon Church in Rotterdam. London : Hotten.

embracing the whole world. In this way the Empress hoped to oppose a bold front to Christianity. Here are our miracles, the religious Tories of the day might argue; and what moral truths has your obscure prophet of Galilee to compare with those of Apollonius, who traversed all the world in search of wisdom? We do not associate with sinners and the unclean; we lead ascetic lives, and merit heaven by our virtues. "The Indian sages styled themselves gods, because they were virtuous." We can become gods too, if we follow their example. Such a scheme as this was actually attempted by Ammonius, who thought to counteract the increasing influence of the Christian doctrines by systematizing the eclectic philosophy.

Of M. Réville's theory we may say it is possible, but that it receives no support from history. A simpler explanation lies on the surface of this very singular biography. Philostratus merely wished to discredit Christianity, to turn its flank as it were, by showing that the old religions were capable of producing men quite as great as the founder of Christianity. And for this purpose he selected for his hero a man of whom very little was really known beyond some strange stories of his wanderings and supposed miraculous powers. As Apollonius was to be the pagan Messiah, his life must be, to a certain extent, identical with that of Christ; and Philostratus, imitating what he had heard about Jesus, Paul, and John, and confounding them together, composed a gospel as entertaining, and almost as extravagant, as the memoirs of Baron Munchausen. It is a remarkable circumstance that the biographer of Apollonius never makes the slightest allusion, direct or indirect, to Christianity, though he must have had it constantly in his mind. Once only (in the sixth book) he almost crosses the line, where he makes Titus say, in reference to the fall of Jerusalem, that it was a Divine retribution, of which the Roman arms were only the instrument. He does not appear to have read the Gospels, either canonical or apocryphal, but to have gathered their contents from public gossip. This was not the first attempt made to discredit the new religion, as it certainly was not the last. Philostratus merely acted upon the hint given by Celsus, who accounted for the rapid progress of Christianity by pointing to the credulity of the age, and to the multitude of magicians (among whom we may reckon Apollonius), who, by a pretended exhibition of supernatural powers, found ready belief among an ignorant populace. But these magicians were men of impure life, who pandered to the evil passions of their dupes, and therefore in no way regenerated society, as the Christian teachers had done. Philostratus saw the mistake, and made his hero a man of the purest life and strictest morals, and represented his followers to be like him. "Why art thou called God?" asked Domitian. "Because," answered Apollonius, "the name of God is the title due to every man who is believed to be virtuous."

"By his fanaticism," says M. Réville, "Elagabalus destroyed the idea which lies at the very foundation of the biography of Apollonius. That idea was that Greco-Roman paganism needed reform, and that, without throwing its principles entirely overboard, its legends might be modified, and its nature altered into a kind of monotheism, in which the Sun would occupy the first place, and be worshipped as the source of physical as well as moral light, and so embrace in one and the same worship the most beautiful and the most popular divinities of ancient paganism, such as Apollo, Æsculapius, Esmoun, Melkart, Mithras, and many other heroes of a solar type." It is hard to see how the proceedings of Elagabalus could destroy this supposed idea: he attempted to make the Syrian worship of the sun predominant throughout the Roman empire, and to blend all other religions into it; and to this end he tolerated Christianity, as he did every other form of foreign worship. Surely this is the Philostratian idea carried into practice.

Again, M. Réville asserts that "for nearly a quarter of a century" there was "a consistent course of action in religious matters." Our ability to trace such a "consistent course" depends very much upon the way in which we read history. If we do so with a preconceived idea, the matter is simple enough; but if we search only for the truth, the result will not be favourable to our author's theory. M. Réville conveniently omits the reign of Septimus Severus; but as "the influence of Julia Domna over that prince is an acknowledged fact in history," and as this "consistent course" commenced "in a somewhat mysterious way" in her days, and as Philostratus wrote at her bidding, it is not fair to exclude that Emperor. What, then, do we find? In the year 202, when he had been nine years on the throne, Septimus passed a law forbidding, under severe penalties, conversion either to Judaism or Christianity. In Egypt and in Africa there was so severe a persecution that it was looked upon as a sign of the coming of Antichrist. Under Caracalla the situation of the Christians was unaltered. Elagabalus tolerated Christianity, and Alexander Severus almost recognised it. Thus, for twenty-six years (193 to 219 A.D.) we have persecution; and for the next sixteen years (to the death of Alexander Severus, A.D. 235) we have toleration. Surely this is not a "consistent course," nor does it prove that the Syrian Empresses exerted their influence in favour of any particular religious idea.

There are other points in M. Réville's brief treatise open to objection; but, as we have shown the weakness of his theory in its vital part, it is not necessary to dwell upon them. Considering the strong tendency there is just now in English readers to adopt all the novelties of the German historical school, it may be important to indicate that even in such a trivial matter as the biography of Apollonius, the Professors of that school are not always careful to distinguish between theory and facts.

WILBERFORCE AND HIS FRIENDS.*

MR. COLQUHOUN has written an interesting book on an interesting subject. The band of noble-hearted and self-devoted men and women of whom Wilberforce was the centre exercised a deep and lasting influence upon the tone of English thought and feeling. Their leader has earned for himself an imperishable fame by his labours in connection with the suppression of the slave trade and the emancipation of the negro; but the names of many of those without whose assistance he could not have accomplished his great work, and who co-operated with him in a hundred other benevolent labours, are little known, and it is well that an attempt should be made, before it is too late, to rescue their names and characters from total oblivion. Mr. Colquhoun's work is by no means free from faults. He writes with spirit, but his fluency is apt to degenerate into redundancy, and his tendency to hero-worship verges at times upon the bounds of extravagance. As we range through his gallery of biographical portraits, we cannot help feeling something of the same astonishment which Martin Chuzzlewit experienced when he was introduced in succession to a series of "the most remarkable men in the country, sir;" and human infirmity must bear the blame if we find ourselves almost wishing for a slight dash of natural frailty to relieve the monotonous sweetness of so much unalloyed goodness. The Athenians no doubt acted very absurdly in banishing Aristides because they were tired of hearing him called "just;" still, the "damnable iteration" must have been a bore. And although we do not intend to imitate their example in our capacity of reviewers, we must say that we should have been better pleased if our author had mingled a little criticism with his panegyric. At the same time, we readily admit that there is excellent excuse for his partiality, since it is evidently, in many cases, the sincere expression of affectionate reminiscence.

Wilberforce was unquestionably a remarkable man in a great variety of ways. His activity and energy were almost boundless. He united gay and penetrating wit and sportive fancy to laborious industry, and the steadfast devotion of his highest powers to the best ends. He was a man of the world in the best sense of that much-abused term, while he had the simplicity of a child, and a deep, earnest, and unaffected piety, of which this is scarcely the place to speak. His interest in politics was strong, and his personal devotion to Pitt was intense; but neither the one nor the other ever prevailed over his conscientious convictions. On two memorable questions—the French war and the impeachment of Lord Melville—he opposed the great Minister, at a cost of personal pain, both to himself and to his friend, which sufficiently proves how resolution and spirit were associated with a frail body and an exquisitely sensitive nature. His eloquence was remarkable, even in an age of eloquence. He took no mean part in those great debates in which Pitt and Fox thundered against each other; but, while he was the companion, the friend, and the equal of statesmen, his sunny, genial, and affectionate nature made him the chosen counsellor of women, and the favourite playmate of children. Earnestness was with him entirely free from the austerity which is too frequently its companion; nor is it, upon the whole, easy to name an eminent Englishman of recent times whose character was at once so attractive and so pure. His contemporaries accused him of trimming, and in those days of vehement party excitement we can easily understand that the independence of his course must often have provoked the anger of warm partisans on either side. But, looking back upon his career, we can now see that his seeming irresolution, and—from a party point of view—his inconsistency, were but the natural effect of that high sense of duty which he carried with him into public life. He was, as we have already said, an early and, to the last, a most affectionate friend of William Pitt; and Mr. Colquhoun gives us a very pleasant description—unfortunately too long for quotation—of the days of relaxation and of almost boyish enjoyment which the young Minister and his companion used to spend at a villa belonging to the latter on Wimbledon Common. It is, indeed, probable that he would have taken office under Pitt, had not his early conversion to pronounced religious views carried him outside the current of regular political life. But before this happened he did the Minister no mean service. When Pitt dissolved, in 1784, after his long and hard fight with the forces of the coalition under Fox and North, the great county of York wavered in its allegiance. An enormous meeting was held in the castle yard of York. The Whig aristocracy stood stoutly by their great leader; the Tory squires cheered lustily, as was their wont, for Church and King. The great bulk of the middle classes, however, stood aloof from both parties—attracted to Pitt by his opinions, but repelled from him by those who figured as his noisiest and most prominent supporters. The meeting was rapidly falling into confusion, and it seemed most likely that the great Whig county families—nowhere so influential, and nowhere so well entitled to influence, as in Yorkshire—would carry their point:—

"At this critical moment, when the disorder was at its height, there rose on the table, in front of the High Sheriff's chair, a singular figure, so slight that it seemed to wave to and fro with the gusts of the blast. The person who presented himself was ill-fitted for such a place; for he was slender, with a countenance not commanding, and so near-sighted that he could not see his audience clearly. He was also an entire stranger; among that vast multitude, a single clergyman in the crowd was the only one who even knew his name. But

* William Wilberforce, His Friends, and His Times. By John Campbell Colquhoun. London: Longmans & Co.

when he opened his lips there issued forth a voice so musical and clear, that it passed over the crowd like a silver trumpet, and was heard to the furthest edge of the meeting. The clear sounds rivetted attention, and when men were thus interested, they were held fast by the words. For the speaker had, in greater perfection than most men, that rare quality of an orator, the tact with which to discern at a glance the temper of his audience, and to suit his words to their thoughts. He had observed the feelings of the meeting, and had noticed the discordant opinions that prevailed among the petitioners. He now took these into his hands. Brushing aside the points on which the sections of his party differed, he fastened their eyes on the points on which they agreed, the objects of the Coalition and its designs. Its leaders stood before them; he could point his charges at these. Their ambition, their intrigues, their unrighteous compact, formed a monster in politics, stamped, as he said, with the features of both its parents, the corruption of the one, the violence of the other, the hideousness of both. This was the onslaught the meeting wanted. Here, at last, both sections could agree; Tories as well as Reformers found here a common ground; and, catching with passionate enthusiasm the speaker's words, they hailed them with transports of applause. Cheer followed cheer, hisses were drowned by shouts; the vote was called for, and the Address was carried.

"While the orator spoke, men asked each other who he was; and there passed from lip to lip a name then unknown, soon to be a household word—the name of Wilberforce. While he was speaking, an express from Mr. Pitt reached him with a despatch, which he opened on the platform. It announced that on that very day Parliament would be dissolved. Then, men whispered to each other, 'We'll have this man for our county member.' When the meeting broke up, a committee of the leaders remained, which sat at the York Tavern, and announced Wilberforce and Duncombe as their candidates. Differences were dividing them, when again the tact of the young candidate interposed to reconcile them. The Whigs put forward as their candidates two men of wealth and local influence; but the middle classes started up; the great cities of Yorkshire, since well known in parliamentary warfare, took up Wilberforce's cause; offers of money and of votes poured in to his committee; Leeds welcomed him; Bradford and Rotherham received him with open arms; Halifax followed Leeds; Sheffield united with Barnsley and Wakefield. The West Riding was soon in a flame, and so strong was the popular sentiment, that the Whig candidates declined the contest. On the 7th of April, the stripling, whose face and name were unknown a fortnight before, rode, girt with his sword, to the Castle of York, and was declared member for Yorkshire."

Our space will not allow us to follow Wilberforce through the career of which this was practically the commencement; but we cannot resist the temptation of making another extract, for the purpose of showing him under an aspect widely different from that in which he is exhibited in the passage we have just quoted:—

"In one of his last visits to Bath, the little dwarfish figure, twisted now into a strange conformation, was wending its way up one of the steep streets by which loaded carts bring coals to the inhabitants of Bath from the port on the Avon. Two rough carters were urging their feeble horses up one of the steepest of these streets, when one of the horses slipped and fell. The man to whom the cart belonged, a burly specimen of a savage race, infuriated by the stoppage, rained blows and kicks, mingled with hoarse curses, on the prostrate animal. Wilberforce, who was near, and who forgot everything in his sympathy, rushed forward, when the giant had raised his hand for a further blow, and interfered, pouring upon him at the same time a torrent of eloquent rebuke. The fellow, arrested in the very height of passion, and furious at the language used, stood with his face like a thunder-cloud, as if meditating to turn his stroke on the puny elf who appeared before him. At this moment his companion, who had recognised Wilberforce, stepped up to him and whispered his name. The word acted like a charm. In an instant the lowering face cleared, and from rage and sullen hatred the look passed at once into wondering reverence; as if, in the midst of his brutal passions and debasement, there was suddenly presented to him an object that awakened the better feelings of his nature, and drew forth his slumbering sympathies."

Amongst the score or more of portrait-sketches which this volume contains, we can only refer, even in the most cursory manner, to a very few. The notices of Dean Milner and of Hannah More will be read with considerable interest; but the most elaborate, and perhaps also the best, "studies" in the book are those of James Stephen, Zachary Macaulay, and Henry Thornton—the three men who formed what is not improperly described as Wilberforce's cabinet council during his long struggle for the abolition of the slave-trade. James Stephen was a lawyer who had passed the first part of his life as a barrister in a West Indian colony. There he had become thoroughly acquainted with the condition of the negro, and had been moved to righteous indignation by his sufferings. He seems to have first communicated with Wilberforce during a short visit he paid to England in 1789; and on his final return home in 1794, he threw himself into the Abolition cause with all the energy of a singularly ardent and eager nature. He eventually married Wilberforce's sister.

Soon after the introduction of the Abolition question into Parliament, a society, of which Henry Thornton was at the head, was formed to provide at Sierra Leone a refuge for such negroes as made good their escape from servitude. Almost immediately after the foundation of this colony, Zachary Macaulay became its governor. The post was one of the most laborious and unpleasant that could well be conceived. But Macaulay's pertinacity was not to be overcome by labour, danger, or disease. He stuck manfully to his work, and did not leave the colony until it was fully established. On his

arrival in England, he became a member of the Abolition committee, on which he worked harder than any one:—

"In the African institution he performed, for five years, the duty of secretary gratuitously; and when he retired, a vote of thanks from the directors, and a testimonial, marked their sense of his services; but in the long struggle which followed Abolition, and which only ended, in 1833, in the extinction of slavery, he took the most strenuous part. A cloud of pamphlets, containing facts and digests of evidence, followed from his pen; and the anti-slavery reporters, as they came out, were full of statistics drawn up by him, condensed out of Blue-books through which he had painfully waded, sitting up half the night to collate and sift the evidence, and to condense into thirty pages the contents of ponderous folios. So, when any fact was wanted, he was there, a walking encyclopædia; as Wilberforce wittily said, 'Let us look it out in Macaulay.'"

In many respects, Zachary Macaulay offered a striking contrast to his famous son. We all know what the latter was; the former was destitute of imagination, slow and constrained in speech, and, although "he thought clearly and could write forcibly ready words, to speech his thoughts were wanting."

Henry Thornton was a London banker, M.P. for Southwark, and a very considerable authority in the House of Commons on all matters of trade, finance, and currency. His time and his ample fortune were freely devoted to philanthropic and religious works, while his calm wisdom and unmoved serenity of mind made him an invaluable adviser:—

"In truth, Wilberforce had so thorough a confidence in Henry Thornton's judgment, that there were few questions on which he did not seek his advice. It was a curious spectacle to watch the two men within the House of Commons. The member for Southwark, tall and stately, sat listening attentively to the debate, weighing every word, and arriving at length, after a full hearing, at a clear decision. Wilberforce, eager, lively, restless, was writing notes on the debate; now dipping his pen in the ink, and sputtering it, as he handled it awkwardly, over Sir Thomas Baring's nankeens; then jumping up in distress, and dancing round his friend with ludicrous sympathy, so as to set the House in a roar; then seated again, he resumed his attention, followed the arguments, whispered into old Bankes's ear a witty sally, which convulsed him with laughter; then, attracted by some speaker on the Ministerial bench, he nodded assent and smiled, and moved his head and body in curious contortions; but when a speaker rose on the opposite side, he lifted up his eyeglass, watched him, and followed attentively his words, till, caught by some subtle sophism of Fox, or some clever statement of Lord Henry Petty, he began to feel doubtful and embarrassed. Musing over this, observing how much was to be said on both sides, he wavers and cannot make up his mind. Thus perturbed, he begins to ask himself how he should vote. Up goes the eyeglass; he scans the benches till he discovers Henry Thornton in his seat. Away he darts, all eagerness, nimble as a boy, but anxious and full of scruples, seats himself beside his friend, and pours out his doubts. He argues, gesticulates, and inquires, in an eloquent torrent of words and thoughts. The answer soon comes, short and clear; the case stated with a lawyer's astuteness, the arguments summed up with a judge's discernment, the judgment luminous as a sunbeam. Delighted and satisfied, Wilberforce returns to his seat, settled and at rest."

Amongst other sketches in the book which please us most, is one of that fine old gentleman, the late Sir R. H. Inglis, many of whose opinions may have been—we think they were—absurd, but whose character and manners won in an eminent degree the respect and affection of all who came in contact with him.

Upon the whole, and notwithstanding the drawbacks which we noticed at the outset, Mr. Colquhoun's work will be read with profit and pleasure by all who care to know something of a knot of people who exercised a most salutary influence upon contemporary society, and did many great and good works, of which we are now enjoying the advantage.

THE LETTERS OF EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.*

THE gifted authoress of these Letters is favourably known by her published Journal, which has been well received on the Continent as well as in this country. In reviewing Mlle. de Guérin's Journal, we had occasion to dwell in no measured terms of dispraise on the badness of the translation, though we felt it our duty to speak highly and cordially of its pious and able authoress. In the present work we are happy to find that the translator has done ample justice to the beauty and power of the original, which is, in most respects, superior to the authoress's former production. Exception, however, must be taken to one fault which occurs now and then in the work before us, though by no means to the extent that disfigured the translation of the Journal; we allude to the recurrence of "thy" and "your," "thou" and "you," in the same sentence, where the singular number only is implied or expressed in the context. In any further revision of the volume, it will be well for the editor, Mr. Trebutien, to amend such sentences as the following:—"Think of the pleasure *you* will give us, the pleasure *papa* will feel, that dear father who loves *thee* so much that we should be jealous had we not each our own share of affection."

The editor has consulted neither the fame of the authoress nor the taste of the public in giving the world so many letters of a private character, never intended for the public eye, and many of

* Letters of Eugénie de Guérin. Edited by G. S. Trebutien. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

them without any interest beyond the mere accident of their having been written by the pen of one of the purest and gentlest spirits that ever adorned and ennobled human nature. If one-third of this volume were cut off, with its dull and pointless details of petty trifles and idle gossip, the book would gain in interest and popularity. The present form of the Letters is anything but satisfactory; the only principle of selection and arrangement adopted seems to be that of *time*, and letters addressed to all kinds of people and on all kinds of subjects, in every variety of epistolary excellence, are here arranged according to date, from the year 1831 to the year 1847. The gold and the dross, the tares and the wheat, are everywhere confusedly intermingled, and overlaid the one by the other. It is strange that we find no explanations offered of the several French customs alluded to in the correspondence; and it is stranger still that the editor has given us no memoir of this interesting authoress, and not a word of preface to explain the circumstances under which the letters were written, or the persons to whom they were addressed, or the grounds on which those now before us were selected for publication. One can well understand the publication of Cicero's letters, or the correspondence of Pope, without either memoirs of the distinguished writers, or any prefatory notice of their letters, simply because the world is at no loss to understand the peculiar circumstances and views of men so well known to fame, whose epistles we can afford to read by the light of their history. It is with pleasure, however, that we turn to the contemplation of the merits of the greater portion of these letters, reflecting as they do the excellencies of the Journal, though in other forms and in greater variety. The most distinguishing feature in the authoress's writings is the presence of that unity which marks the productions of all superior minds. On whatever topic she touches, however abruptly she is carried away by the impulse of the moment, and even where her thoughts are expressed, as they come from her heart or head, without elaboration and without method of any kind, one spirit pervades them all, and one feeling makes them all of kin to each other.

With the exception of a brief sojourn in Paris, to which we have before alluded, Mdlle. Eugénie de Guérin seems to have spent most of her days in the country, and there to have enjoyed "those happy times when one no longer belongs to earth, and when one lets heart, soul, and mind wing their way freely to Heaven." "One has so much time for thought in the country," she observes; "for, however occupied one may be, 'tis with nothing that engrosses the mind, which works away on its own account like a mill-wheel. Let us try to make it turn to some purpose, give it good grain to grind, it yields us what we entrust to it; let our memory be filled with beautiful things, and our thoughts will be beautiful. Imagination takes the hue of what it dwells on." It is impossible to exaggerate the depth of her feelings of attachment to external nature and to her fellow-creatures; and yet the song of the bird, the hum of the bee, and the whispers of the wind, the babble of babes, and the chatter of children, are but voices that recall her to her Maker, and she only believes in the affections of the heart, because we can carry them up to Heaven, and raise them up to God. To her it is a delight "to pray among the flowers, and to feel her soul rise with their perfume before her God." In all things she recognizes "a Providence, a great deal of Providence," and in all issues "she looks upon what happens on earth as coming from Heaven." In suffering she sees but a path to Heaven. Beautifully and touchingly does she observe:—"Heaven is held out, but we must gain it by suffering, and, like Jesus Christ, arrive at glory by the long path of Calvary"—a thought probably suggested by the crucifixion to the world spoken of by the Apostle. To her it is a delight to read the lessons of religion in the volume of nature around her, and thus to harmonize the works and the word of the Almighty, as in the following touching episode:—"Poor world! thus it is one leaves it: now on this side, now on that, we see those we know go away from our midst. Before long one finds oneself alone, isolated amongst the new comers, like leaves of a former year still clinging to the trees when those of spring arrive. One often sees this on oak trees. 'Tis sad, and many a time has made me reflect in our woods. *Everything may be turned to profit by the soul, everything lifts thought on high: the good God wills and approves that all should have reference to Himself, and a dead leaf may utilise apparently purposeless walks.*"

Our authoress was not a mere sentimental devotee; her whole life was filled up with active duties, working out in action, as she did, the spirit of her religion. Her whole correspondence is a written evidence of this, and her sound practical sense made her fully alive to the dangerous side of contemplative devotion. Let us hear her own words, for they will bear quotation:—"There is an ideal side in devotion which has its dangers, which fills the fancy with heaven, angels, seraphic thoughts, without infusing any solid principle into the heart, or turning it to the love of God, and the practice of His law. Without this, even if we spoke with the tongue of angels, we should still be nothing better than sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." Her practical and healthy mind took a delight in history, and in this field of reading she found wholesome food to nourish her religious sympathies. It is thus she expresses her appreciation of historical reading:—"History is, to my thinking, the most interesting and instructive of all reading, because it makes us reflect so much on this world and the other, and leads thought up from men to God who governs them." It was from study and contemplation of the holiest and purest kind she drew the secret happiness that made her life so divine, and derived the consolations that brightened the darkest of her sorrows. Let us read the secret of her happiness:—" 'Tis not in study, nor

in the contemplation of nature, not in man, nor in anything created, that the soul can find consolation; but in God, in God alone, in His Word, in the divine Scriptures, in a faithful and believing life. Who is there that, kneeling down, with his heart full of tears, does not rise comforted?"

Another remarkable feature in these charming letters is their genuine tone of sincerity; their transparent air of life, truth, and reality. We have no feigned smiles or sighs, no fabulous woes or raptures, no simulated sentiment: the feelings here traced have come glowing and gushing from a living heart, and the opinions recorded have flashed from a living brain, and been the guiding light of a real life. She has evidently written not from hearsay nor from vanity, but from sight and from experience; she gossiped fully and freely of her daily life and daily labours, simply because her heart was too full to be silent, and spake forth from its abundance. She is almost invariably tender and touching, because she is true to her own simple and beautiful nature; she is often brilliant, but her lustre is all her own, and seems the reflection of her own sunny soul. At times she is grandly impassioned, yet, without any visible effort, she softens the heart and charms the soul with a power which seems habitual and natural to her. If ever a woman was lifted by the exalting and sustaining grace of God far above the influence of earth and all that is earthly, this gift would seem to have been given to Mdlle. de Guérin, whose exalted piety rose to that height that it seems to have overcome the attraction of her earthly faith, if we may judge by her Journal, and the letters of her pure, spotless, unselfish life.

These letters are worth a thousand sermons on religion and on domestic duties, for they are the very living language of religion itself, visibly represented to the eye as moving and ministering amongst us in the sphere of domestic duty. Mdlle. de Guérin has neither lived nor written in vain.

THE PROMETHEUS BOUND OF ÆSCHYLUS.*

THE drama of the "Prometheus Bound," of Æschylus, is the only one preserved in its entirety from a series of three, which completed the story of that hero. "Prometheus the Fire-bearer," and "Prometheus Rescued," the proper preface and sequel to our play, exist only in a few scattered fragments, and in the arguments which tradition has handed down of them. Beyond the baldest outline, we have nothing to intimate to us how Æschylus treated the scene of the rescue. Perhaps it was a delicate subject to manage before an Athenian audience, whose reverence of the gods (*θεοδαιμονία*) struck St. Paul as a remarkable characteristic; and indeed it is most likely, from the mere fact of its preservation, that the chief interest of the whole story attached to the scenes in the play now before us. Shelley has brought all the powers of his genius to glorify his conception of the "Prometheus Unbound;" but he paints with a brush dipped in colours of which Æschylus knew nothing, and he weaves the story of the imprisonment and the rescue in one, to heighten the interest.

The legend of Prometheus is told in a grander and simpler form by Æschylus than by Hesiod, where it is marred by many absurdities. In Æschylus it is but the story of a great and wise man, or rather of a personage between the human and divine, who is unselfish enough to confer the best blessings on the race of man, at the risk of offending the tyrannical King of Heaven. The offence is given, and the punishment follows; but neither punishment nor taunts can break the high spirit of Prometheus: he can endure and he can defy, while in all his sufferings he is supported, not only by the knowledge of his own righteousness, but by the vision of his release, which his gifted eye can see, though far off. Whether Æschylus had any further design than merely to enlist the sympathies of his audience in the fate of one who did well and suffered for it—whether he intended to read the Athenians a solemn lesson against tyranny, and to remind them that liberty and independence were worth more than life itself—we cannot say; still, we feel he had found an unimpeachable hero for his tragedy, a hero so great and good that more than one of the Christian Fathers have wondered whether it was possible to see in the person of Prometheus some sort of foreshadowing of the Saviour of the world.

Sublime as the circumstances of our play naturally are, there must have been something of the grotesque in the way in which it was produced at the theatre. Easy enough, no doubt, it was to manage an appearance of Prometheus at the back of the stage, with the monstrous masked figures, Strength and Force, nailing him to the rocks; but the machinery department of the Athenian stage must have been sorely taxed by the moveable car of the Ocean Nymphs, and by the "four-legged bird" which deposited Oceanus at the foot of the rock, and which that worthy old gentleman was so fussy to get back to its stable again, as it stood pawing the air. And the appearance of Io, either crested with a pair of horns, or wearing a cow's-head mask and petticoats, must have added not a little to the strangeness of the scene; but to an Athenian play-goer these things looked only natural.

The translation of the "Prometheus Bound" now before us thoroughly deserves the title which it claims for itself, of a "literal" translation. After carefully comparing it with the Greek text, we are pleased to find that, from beginning to end, the same accuracy is observable. A word here and there seems to have slipped the translator's notice, such as *αἰνυμένη*, in verse 20, which

* The Prometheus Bound of Æschylus, literally translated into English ver. e. By Augusta Webster. London: Macmillan & Co.

is, of course, not "high-souled," but refers to those qualities of wisdom and craft for which Prometheus is elsewhere called *ποικίλος* and *σοφιστής*; and in line 745, Salmydessus, and not Salmydessia, is the name of the dangerous inlet of the coast; but these are very trifling blemishes, which, in a work less scrupulously accurate, would be passed by altogether. Indeed, we almost think that Mrs. Webster revels in being literal, and there is no reason why one should not be so to a very considerable extent in this poem, though we feel doubtful how such a system would answer if extended, say, to the "Oresteia" of Æschylus, of which we had to notice in this Review a skilful rendering from the pen of Miss Swanwick. Mrs. Webster is often tempted to spoil her English and to obscure her sense by an over-desire to be literal; and yet to say so seems ungracious, for it is a great thing to find oneself in company with a thoroughly conscientious translator. Still, a wish will creep in that it were possible to be not less conscientious, yet a little less heavy.

The following lines (98, &c.) are a rendering of the well-known passage *ὦ δῖος αἰθήρ*—

"O marvellous sky, and swiftly-winged winds,
And streams, and myriad laughter of sea-waves,
And universal mother earth, I call ye
And the all-seeing sun to look upon me,
What I, a god, endure from other gods.
Yea, see, racked by what tormentings
I must wrestle through time told by thousands of years,
For the new king of gods hath contrived for me
Bondage thus shameful.
Woe, woe, for the pain that is on me now!
I groan, and I groan for the coming pain—
Where will the end to this evil break
Like the dawn of a star in heaven?"

We congratulate our translator on "the myriad laughter of sea-waves," which no doubt is the meaning of the passage, as Catullus saw in his "*leni resonant plangore cachinni*," and not the "many-twinkling smile" of more modern expression.

The metre selected for the last eight lines is an adaptation of the original anapaestic system, the base being a foot consisting of two short syllables and one long; for this foot, a dactyl or a spondee may in any place be substituted. In Greek, the metre has great energy and a constant rhythmical flow; an English imitation seems, by the force of our accentuation, to be constantly changing its cadence, and passing from one metre into another with a limping gait. We acknowledge the beauty of the concluding metaphor about the star, but we cannot feel satisfied that it all exists in the word *ἐπιτείνει*. But some of the choruses are attempted in a rhymed metre, as the following (550):—

"Sweet is it to pursue
One's long life in glad hopes, and feed one's heart
Mid sunny joys; but shuddering we behold
How thou art agonized by tortures manifold
Because, not keeping Zeus's will in view,
But by thine own will taking part,
Thou gavest, Prometheus, to mankind an honour not their due.
See now, O friend, how thankless was the grace.
Say, where is aid? How helps the ephemeral race?
And knew'st thou not the puny helpless kind,
Idle as dreams,
Which cramps that people to the light left blind?
No, never can what Zeus has predestined
Be crossed by mortal's schemes."

The second stanza is a little crabbed in the Greek; in the English we frankly confess we cannot understand it. Mrs. Webster becomes enamoured of particular expressions which show a tendency to recur. For instance, we have *πύρος σίλας* rendered "*live blaze of fire*": "*live fire*" is again (277) the version of *φλογωπόν πῦρ*; and once more *φείβη φλόξ* (24) is the "*living glow*." Another word used several times in this play is *θῶσσω*, and one of its compounds. It is a word that properly implies a cry, and then serves to signify any vehemence in speaking. It is also used for setting dogs on. Once our translator simply renders it "not on unwilling ears dost thou urge thy wish." Again it occurs (72) where Hephaestus says—

Δρῶν ταῦτ' ἀνάγκη, μηδὲν ἐγκέλευ' ἄγαν.

And Strength answers him—

ὦ μὲν κελεύσω κάπιθωύξω γε πρὸς.

which is given in our English version—

"H. So must I needs, but thou hound me not on.
S. But I will hound thee on, ay, drive thee at him."

The other two passages in which the same word is found gives us a stranger translation still. Oceanus and Prometheus are parting; Prometheus has no sympathy with his friend's timid dependence upon Zeus; so he says,—

"Go, take thee hence. Keep in thy present mind."

To him Oceanus,—

"I was setting off when thou bayedst out that word."

Surely this is very strange! But the word is used once more,

when Hermes has brought an ultimatum from Zeus to Prometheus, the latter rejoining:—

"To one who knew well all his message should bring
Hath he bayed it out."

But Mrs. Webster rather neglects elegances, or else we should hardly have had *κλεινώβρωτος* Englished into "black-gnawed;" nor should we find such expressions occurring as "his hardly-to-to-be-conquered sway," nor, "thy voice jars loathsome on me like thy shape;" nor should we hear Prometheus boasting,—

"— I saved mankind
From being dashed in shivers down to Hades."

It seems almost impossible, except in the frostiest weather, to picture the race of man in shivers, which is properly applicable to things that are brittle.

Again, without by any means desiring a monotonous cadence in blank verse, we cannot help taking exception to the scansion of such lines as these:—

"For thine utmost will not move him: he hears no one."
"But take thou heed lest this journey harm thyself."

Nor do we like either the English or the music of the following:—

"H. By how I hear thee rave thou'rt mad enough.
P. Let me be mad, if to hate foes be madness.
H. In prosperous case thou'dst be intolerable."

We can find space only for one more specimen of our translator's anapaests, in which Prometheus hails the coming tempest which is sent upon him for his defiant and unbending spirit:—

"Lo, in very deed, no more in mere talk,
Does the earth now rock,
And a cavernous boom of thunder rolls near,
And the forked, fierce blaze of the lightning glares out,
And whirlwinds chase round the eddying dust,
And the blasts of all the winds leap abroad,
At war each with each in contending gusts,
And the sky and the sea are mingled in storm—
Such tempest from Zeus in our sight strides on
Towards me as though to daunt me with fear.
Oh, mother mine, thou revered one, oh, sky,
That bear'st in due round light common to all:
Do ye see me what wrong I endure?"

CHOLERA.*

At the present time, there is no subject more calculated to excite both general and professional interest than that of the two works before us. With an epidemic whose fatality and rapidity of advance rival those of its terrible predecessors, the questions of the nature and treatment of cholera become, indeed, of vital importance. We do not think we err in saying that no disease has been more keenly studied or more carefully described than that of the dreadful Asiatic scourge which is now rife among the poorer classes of the population. And yet it is not further from the truth to allege that of no serious epidemic do we know really less as to its origin and mode of operation. Despite the valuable investigations of Pittenkofer of Munich, and of the late Dr. Snow of London, we are still unable to point with certainty to any specific source of cholera. There can be very little doubt, as shown by the able report of Mr. J. N. Radcliff, in the recently-published volume issued by the medical officer of the Privy Council, that the epidemics which have from time to time visited Europe, have taken their rise in India. And it is equally well ascertained that from India the plague usually proceeds to Mecca, and is thence borne by the pilgrims, or, as Dr. Tilbury Fox styles them, "cholera-conductors," till it finds its way to Alexandria. From this latter it is forwarded by shipping—on the one hand to Marseilles, whence it spreads through France and Germany; on the other, to Southampton, by which port it finds an entrance into England. But, though our knowledge of the course through which it proceeds from its Asiatic centre to European ports is so far clearly defined, there remains for solution the mystery of its origin in India. Why is cholera endemic, or, so to speak, indigenous, in the great peninsula? This is one question which the profession has still to answer, and, pending its solution, there is another, quite as important, to be decided—viz., as to the means by which the disease is propagated and conveyed from the infected to the healthy. Indeed, it is this question of transmission which has occupied the better class of writers upon the subject, and, though it frequently occurs that gentlemen with hypothetical hobbies are addicted to thrusting their particular views upon the public, it now and then happens that a thoroughly honest and scientific effort is made to arrive at the whole truth of the case.

The book now under notice is a work to which we have much pleasure in directing the attention of those who are really anxious to know what is ascertained beyond doubt of the conditions under which cholera is transmitted from one person to another. The disease has been patiently pursued by Dr. Macpherson, in the hope of arriving at some definite facts concerning

* Cholera in its Home; with a Sketch of the Pathology and Treatment of the Disease. By John Macpherson, M.D. London: Churchill.
On Cholera, &c. By Dr. C. Drysdale. London: Hardwicke.

its mode of contagion. Unbiased by any special belief, well-versed in the writings of all those who had previously paid attention to the question, and with almost unlimited opportunities of exploring the disease in its own home, the late Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals to the Bengal Army has given us a book which is creditable at once to its author's high position and to the profession he so honourably represented. With the more currently accepted theories of the mode of propagation of cholera our readers have already been made aware in some of our leading articles, and therefore we have only to observe that Dr. Macpherson's experience entirely supports the views we therein expressed. The author is of opinion that water is one of the most formidable media in the transmission of cholera, and he believes that the disease is transferrable chiefly, if not wholly, through the intestinal or gastric evacuations, which, owing to imperfect sanitary measures, find their way into ordinary drinking water. When we say this, however, we must not be supposed to express any definitive conclusion on the part of Dr. Macpherson, who, indeed, considers that in the present state of our knowledge we can only adopt provisional conclusions.

What the author aims at is an elaborate survey of the rise and fall of the annual cholera of India. He notes all the statistics of fatality, of proportion of population attacked, &c., of temperature, of condition of weather, diet, and treatment; then, by comparing the facts presented during one season with those observed during another, he strives to frame something in the shape of generalization. To attempt a full and satisfactory analysis of Dr. Macpherson's labours in anything short of a "Quarterly" article would be simply impossible; for, though the book is small, the facts and figures it lays before the reader are indeed 'prodigious.' We can only say, therefore, that, so far as the author's observations have gone, they tend to the conclusion that the *virus* of cholera is seldom, if ever, conveyed by the air, and that its most probable medium of transmission is through excrementitious matter, which, in the event of improper drainage, finds its way into water used for drinking purposes. This is the most important result at which the writer arrives; but some of the collateral statistics of his volume are singularly interesting. Alluding to the influence of heat and drought upon the spread of an epidemic, he adduces the following evidence:—

"Three hot and dry months have	47,427 deaths.
Three cold and dry months have	23,632 "
Three hot and moist months have	11,354 "
While the three transmission months have	21,888 "

"From this it is clear that the three hot and dry months produce fully four times as many deaths by cholera as the three hot and wet months, and about twice as many deaths as the cold and dry months, while the cold and dry months slightly exceed the transition ones in their number of deaths. In what, then, do the most marked differences between the hot and dry and hot and moist months consist? The two most important agents in diminishing the prevalence of cholera appear, therefore, to be a heavy fall of rain and diminished range of temperature. May we not assume that the two great factors in the production of cholera are—dryness of atmosphere and a considerable range of the thermometer?"

From the various "tables" scattered through the volume, it seems fair to infer:—1. That new arrivals are more liable to cholera than fixed residents; 2. Those who are travelling are similarly liable; 3. The over-crowded suffer most; 4. Mental and physical depression renders the patient more susceptible of the disease; 5. Regiments on the march, labourers employed in cuttings, and coolies engaged in cleaning tanks, are more liable to cholera than others. It is only when he comes to deal with the subject of treatment that our author loses some of his usual impartiality. Inveighing strongly against the employment of purgatives and emetics, he gives the whole force of his advocacy to opium, which he says "seldom fails to fulfil the intention for which it is given, and which has other besides narcotic virtues." We think he is right in his laudation of laudanum, but cannot agree with him in thinking that in a certain stage of the disease mild purgatives are objectionable. At the same time, it seems to us that as yet no decided opinion can be offered as to the best method of treatment, and, like the author, we "have little hope of ever seeing statistical results of treatment in this disease that will be reliable;" but we nevertheless direct attention to Dr. Macpherson's volume as the most candid and elaborate exposition of the subject it treats upon which has yet been presented to the public.

Dr. Drysdale's pamphlet is merely a careful reprint of a prolonged discussion which took place some time since in the Harveian Medical Society, on the subject of cholera. It contains little or nothing in the shape of statistics, and, though it is full of interesting matter, the subject of cholera is dealt with in so loose and discursive a manner, and the opinions put forward are so conflicting in substance and so dogmatic in expression, that, save to gratify the small vanities of those who indulged in the debate, we are at a loss to see why it has been published.

THE FINE ARTS QUARTERLY.*

THIS handsome periodical, which had lapsed for a time, has been revived in the hands of the enterprising Fine Arts publishers, Messrs. Day and Son. The first number of the new series quite

* The Fine Arts Quarterly. No. I. New Series. London: Day & Son.

sustains the character of the work, and the higher line of subjects treated, which was taken at starting under the editorship of Mr. Woodward. The additional resources of a lithographic establishment such as that of Day and Son should enable the projectors of so expensive a Quarterly Journal to produce illustrations of a superior kind; but, so far as those included in the number before us are concerned, we cannot speak in very approving terms. The mistake has evidently been made of supposing that the readers of such a work will be caught by an abundance of pictures; but when these are not quite of first-rate excellence, the effect is neither favourable nor useful. Such illustrations of miniature missal-painting as that given from the Brentano Collection, at Frankfort, upon which a very able paper is contributed by Mr. Ruland, are really of no value whatever, as they convey no accurate idea of the style and colouring. The two small lithographs that accompany Mr. Watkiss Lloyd's second essay on the Cartoons of Raphael, are equally useless as examples of style, besides being rendered absurd by the grand compositions of the master being reversed in the process of transfer. This was an error unpardonable in dealing with subjects of such importance. Fortunately, the matter of the *Review* makes amends for these blemishes; the articles are generally marked by sound judgment, and the reading will be found interesting, and at the same time profitable to those who make art a study. Some are a little stale, perhaps, as in the case of the reviews of Mrs. Jameson's "History of our Lord," and Mr. Tom Taylor's "Life of Reynolds," though well-considered. The first of a series on landscape painting, written in the form of dialogue, and called "Studio-Talk," seems to us rather alarming in its consequences: if this is the sort of talk that goes on in the studio, we cannot wonder at the very prosaic pictures we meet with as the outcome of such abstruse dissertations on Nature and the Ideal. Renan once said a profound truth about painting: "To talk about it is nothing; to do it is everything." This is especially applicable to landscape art, which, with all the practical accomplishments it requires, is nothing without poetic feeling. There is a sort of brief *catalogue raisonné* of the recently-purchased pictures in the National Gallery, in which, however, we look in vain for any reference either to the doubts as to the genuineness of the Carpaccio, or to its merits as a work of art, although, strange to say, the writer relates how the "authorities of the National Gallery very properly removed" a spurious signature and erroneous date from the picture—a proceeding singularly suggestive of question as to the authenticity of the work. The "Garvagh Raphael," bought by Sir C. Eastlake for the large sum of £9,000 of Lord Garvagh, is allowed to pass in the same indulgent spirit, although it is not concealed that several old copies of the picture have been made at various times. It is to journals assuming the importance that the *Fine Arts Quarterly* does, that we should be able to look for the highest criticism and the most independent expression of opinion in cases of this kind; for it will never obtain authority if it is believed to reflect the views of the *doctrinaires* and officials connected with the interests of art.

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.*

THERE is no book which a reviewer takes up with more hopeful interest, or lays down with greater chagrin if it should prove a failure, than a volume of essays. The standard of essay-writing is necessarily a high one, being associated with the names of some of our most gifted men of letters, while no other form of literary composition contributes so much to develop and stimulate the intellect, and impart that knowledge which is the very aliment of thought. The volume before us consists of eighteen essays on questions of the day, among which some of the most prominent are—"University Extension," "Cathedral Reform," "Reunion of the Church," "The Conscience Clause," "Reasonable Limits of Lawful Ritualism," &c. Judged from a literary point of view, these essays certainly attain a high standard of merit; they bear upon them the stamp of intellect, and are the offspring of thoughtful and inquiring minds. Many of them strike at once at the root of the difficulty with which they grapple, and propound what seems to be the only common-sense solution of it. We might instance the first in the series, on "University Extension." Many schemes have been devised to secure for men of narrow means, in whose interest scholarships and endowments were originally founded, that education which the stronger, *i.e.*, the richer, classes, have in process of time wrested from them. In discussing the plan of a new college, modelled upon our

* The Church and the World: Essays on Questions of the Day. By Various Writers. London: Longmans & Co.
The First Age of the Church. By I. J. Dollinger, D.D. Two vols. London: W. H. Allen & Co.
The Parables Read in the Light of the Present Day. By T. Guthrie, D.D. London: Strahan.
St. Paul: his Life and Ministry. By T. Binney. London: Nisbet & Co.
Life or Death: the Destiny of the Soul in a Future State. By E. F. Litton, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. London: Longmans & Co.
Strauss and Renan: an Essay. By E. Zeller. From the German. London: Trübner & Co.
The Reading of the Liturgy. By G. F. Goddard, Rector of Southfleet. London: Rivingtons.
The Resurrection of the Just. Eight Sermons. By J. T. Plummer. London: Rivingtons.
The Secret of Life. Eight Sermons. By Samuel Cox. London: Miall.
Eirenika: the Wholesome Words of Holy Scripture, &c. By W. B. Marriott M.A. London: Rivingtons.

ancient University institutions, the writer pointedly remarks:—"To begin, it is very like the act of those who, having turned the rightful owners out of their home, conceive it a duty to build them a new one. Every college, every endowment, was founded on these conditions of discipline, poverty, and economy. The whole machinery of collegiate instruction is modern, the whole of its extravagance is more modern still. And to revive in a single instance the common life of a past age, without enforcing the same conditions on all alike, is to commit an anachronism which is almost certain to be a failure. It may be safely predicted, too, that, in the course of time, when the novelty of the college wears off, and the reins of discipline, in the inevitable contrast with other establishments, are relaxed, the new college will become the property of those social classes who have already evicted the legitimate descendants of former possessors from their inheritance." It is of course a question of very doubtful expediency whether the present system of academical training could be placed upon its ancient basis; but we quite agree with the writer of this essay, that, "since the greater part of its (the University's) endowments came from the savings of ecclesiastics, and that the most distinguished men in its *fasti* have, with few exceptions, been of the same order, the Church's need for an increase supply of educated clergy should be met by some relaxation in the charge at present incurred in the process of graduation." Among the other essays we might single out those on "Cathedral Reform," on "Hospital and Workhouse Nursing," on "Positivism," and on "Revelation and Science," as containing much sound sense and valuable information. That entitled "The Last Thirty Years in the Church of England, an Autobiography," the writer would have done well to keep in his portfolio. We do not doubt his sincerity, but his narrative fails to awaken either our interest or our sympathy. He appears so easily, and almost as a matter of course, to have been shaken in his religious convictions, to have drifted so hopelessly from what he once held as sound doctrine, to penance, Eucharistic adoration, and invocation of saints, as utterly to have repudiated the name of "Protestant," and to have embraced all the tenets of the Roman Catholic faith, while disclaiming communion with the Church of Rome. He becomes at last a kind of *monstrum horrendum* in religion, or as one who has been cast upon a sort of no man's land by the waves of controversy. If this be, on the part of the writer, an "Apologia pro Vita sua," it differs from that of the great Oratorian in that it lacks the ring of genuine metal. The remaining essays we may dismiss in a few words. They are special pleadings in favour of Ritualism in the Church, and one of their main objects is to show that the best means of attaching the bulk of the people to the Church of England are the impressions produced upon the senses by the pomp and circumstances of an elaborate ceremonial. Experience shows that there may be an element of truth in this; but when we are brought face to face with adoration of the Eucharist, auricular confession, and the like, and when even Mariolatry is glossed over, so as to out-Pusey Dr. Pusey himself, and thus remove every obstacle to union with the Church of Rome, it is time to remind these gentlemen that they are playing with fire, and the misfortune is that, in the event of a conflagration, they will not only burn themselves, but the whole house about them. The destinies of the Church of England are not safe in such hands.

Dr. Dollinger's "First Age of the Church," as translated by Mr. Oxenham, is a work that none can peruse without being struck by the truly Christian spirit and Catholic tone in which it is written. Although containing some points of doctrine and discipline on which we must agree to differ with Dr. Dollinger, the calm and candid manner in which they are discussed challenges our respect for the writer's conviction of their truth, while it fails to ensure our own. The work consists of two volumes, and is divided into three books, the first of which opens with the historical narrative of the public ministry and teaching of Christ and of the Apostles. The second book exhibits this teaching from a doctrinal point of view, and, although differing radically on some points from the author, we can find much common ground of thought in the fact that the truths come before us, "not in their ultimate development, which was the growth of centuries," but in the freshness of their first utterance, as they fell from the lips of apostles and evangelists. Book III. treats of the constitution, worship, and life of the Apostolic Church; it discusses lucidly and fully the Scriptural Doctrine of Marriage and Divorce; and an Appendix at the close of the volume elaborates the many opinions that have been put forth respecting Antichrist and the Man of Sin. As a translation, the work does credit to the pen of Mr. Oxenham, and those who enter upon the perusal of it with attention and discrimination will find it a most useful compendium of early Church history.

We notice with pleasure a work by Dr. Guthrie on the Parables of our Lord, written in his usual picturesque and pleasing style. Of course, "Trench on the Parables" has become a household word with students; but in a work designed to be popular we do not look for critical acuteness or patristic lore. Dr. Guthrie does not delve below the surface to seek for hidden springs, but fills a brimming chalice from the sparkling waters as they flow. He does not take the diamond in the rough, and laboriously impart to it polish and brilliancy, but holds it, as it were, to the light, and photographs upon his pages its flashing colours. As a popular exposition of the Parables, adapted to the present time, Dr. Guthrie's work merits perusal.

We turn now to a book no less useful, but of a totally different

character and mould of thought. The name of Mr. Binney is a sufficient guarantee of its thoroughness and sterling character. It is an outline of the life of St. Paul, and, although of late years several excellent works have been written upon this subject, the volume before us may be considered as a most useful introduction and supplement to them all. In form it consists of a series of lectures, written in an easy and at times almost colloquial style, and especially addressed to the young. To the Biblical student it will prove an invaluable text-book, both on account of the lucid way in which the subject is treated, and the copious Scripture references that it furnishes. It will prove also an excellent summary of the more detailed works of Lewin, Conybeare, and Howson. These lectures were published in the *Christian World* soon after their delivery; but we are glad to see that they have taken in the present volume a more permanent form.

"Life or Death," by Mr. Litton, is an elaborate treatise on the immortality of the soul. It reproduces, in an amplified form, the old arguments in favour of the eternal life of the righteous after death, and of the total annihilation of the wicked. It is one of the most complete expositions of this theory that we have seen; but the belief still remains a theory, and nothing more. Mr. Litton enters fully into the opinions of the ancients on the nature and destiny of the soul; but these surely cannot in the least colour or modify what has been for ages the Christian belief. The author has a great antipathy to the clergy, whom he never mentions without a periphrasis for the benefit of his readers. We are at a loss to conceive how they, any more than the lawyers, can have been involved in all ages in a conspiracy against truth.

"Strauss and Renan" is an essay translated from the German, designed to epitomize the works of those two authors, and establish a parallel between them. The writer of course enters fully into all their views, and reproduces all their paradoxes. To readers who wish to form an idea of the writings of Strauss and Renan, the essay before us may be of some service.

"The Reading of the Liturgy" is a work useful in its way, and containing many valuable hints. It would prove especially handy as a book of reference with respect to the proper emphasis to be laid on certain words, and the exact vocal rendering of ambiguous or doubtful expressions. If a man reads badly, mere hints like those before us will never make him a good reader; he must be such already before he can avail himself of the advice our author lays down.

We glance in passing at two volumes of Sermons, which, even at the best, are somewhat wordy and dull. Mr. Plummer treats of the resurrection of the just, and of their condition in a future state; but we have sought in vain for any beauty of conception, or depth of thought, or charm of expression. We cull from the first page the following sentence:—"And who, my brethren, is there in any age, be his faith small or great, be he one of the multitude who gaze as it were from a distance, or one of those few chosen ones, who are privileged to learn by deeper and more intimate converse, who is there, that has read that which was spoken touching the resurrection of the dead, that has not been astonished?" We quote this sentence as a type of the whole work, which may be characterized as a *parvum in multo* of the divinity. There is some interesting matter in Mr. Cox's volume, but in the present day none but sermons of superlative merit should be allowed to appear in print.

The "Eirenika" of Mr. Marriott is a good book of reference on points of theology about which disputes have arisen, rather from misunderstanding of terms than from perversion of doctrine. The two points discussed in this work are regeneration and conversion, and the author goes fully into the primitive usage of those terms, examines them critically, and shows their bearing upon some of the controversies rife in the present day. We recommend the book as evincing much thought and research in these matters.

THE MAGAZINES.

DEAN STANLEY'S "Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church" is reviewed in the first article of *Fraser*. The work is highly praised, and its tendency, on the whole, approved, though with certain exceptions. Captain Richard Burton resumes his letters "From London to Rio de Janeiro," and is as lively and amusing as ever. The paper on "The German Knights" gives an interesting account of that corporation of military men which for a long while during the Middle Ages had its seat at Marienburg, and which, according to the writer, presented an example of the "simplicity, beauty, and beneficence of patriarchal life." Miss Frances Power Cobbe writes an article on "The Brahmo Samaj," or Church of the One God, a religious body established in India by the Rajah Rammohun Roy, whose life by Miss Carpenter was reviewed by us a fortnight ago. The tenets of this body are those of simple Deism, in conjunction with the morals of Christianity; and it appears to be making great progress in our Oriental possessions, very extensively supplanting among the educated the gross idolatries of Hinduism. A financial essay on the recent crisis follows, in which the writer urges a complete repeal of the Act of 1844 as the best remedy for existing evils that can be applied. Nevertheless, he would rigidly maintain the principle of cash payments as restored by the Act of 1819; and he adds:—"We should desire to see the Bank of England again placed in command of all its resources as a provision for all its liabilities, bank-notes included, coupled with arrangements, not difficult or costly, under which it would be the interest of the Bank to maintain a total bullion reserve so ample that whenever it fell to twelve millions the rate of discount should be 5 per cent., and should rise, say $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for the loss of every half

million of treasure; so that if, for example, the reserve fell, to say ten millions, the rate of interest would be 7 per cent." A political article on "The Ministry, Last and Present," sums up the events of the past month, and, while speaking fairly of the personality of the new Cabinet, does not say much for its principles or its prospects; and at the conclusion of the number we find some remarks on "The War in its Political and Military Bearings," in which Austria is advised to consent to her exclusion from the German Confederation.

Mr. Edward Dicey reviews very impartially the progress of "The Campaign in Italy" in *Macmillan*. He writes from the Lombard capital, and describes the depression of the Italians at the cession of Venetia to the Emperor of the French before they had had time to retrieve the defeat of Custoza. The novels of "George Eliot" are criticised in a thoughtful article by Mr. John Morley, who assigns to them a high and rare place in the literature of fiction. Mr. J. Norman Lockyer contributes a short paper on the "Prospects of Weather Science;" and some fishing gossip is embodied in a fanciful form in the story entitled, "Autobiography of the late Salmo Salar, Esq." The novel of "Cradock Nowell" is brought to a close in the present number.

The *Cornhill* proceeds with its two stories, "The Village on the Cliff" (from the pen of Miss Thackeray, we believe), and "The Claverings." In addition to these major attractions are several essays, written in the light yet instructive style which belongs to this Magazine. That on "Criminal Women" seems to be the production of some one who has had personal experience, in gaols and reformatories, of the unhappy class referred to. The paper on "The Pearl Harvest" is a pleasant relief to this melancholy subject; and the succeeding article—on "Defamation"—clearly and amusingly explains the present state of the law of libel. A German contributes an account of agriculture in Prussia, as affected by recent changes in the law, tending towards the division of estates among the cultivators of the soil, and the consequent breaking up of the old feudal system. These changes, he says, have had a most favourable effect on the general condition of the country and its people, and he advises similar reforms for England. Some drawing-room authority discourses of "Flirtation"; and this is followed by an article on "Sleep," full of curious physiological information. The final paper is a very excellent essay on "The Scot at Home." Though far from unfriendly in its tone towards Scotland and Scotchmen, it speaks very plainly on the less agreeable features of the North British character, and asserts that of late years Scotland has become denationalized, and is passing into the provincial state. This, however, the writer does not consider, on the whole, an evil, since it is the inevitable stage by which the harsher and narrower civilization of the northern kingdom is arriving at the greater cultivation and breadth of her southern sister. The Scotchman, we are told, is every day becoming more and more an Englishman; and the writer seems to think that this is the best thing that could happen to him.

The *Dublin University Magazine* opens with a piece of literary biography—a life of Cervantes, very pleasantly told. A good deal of curious and interesting information on old Irish history is contained in the article on "The Campaign of the Boyne;" and the paper entitled "The English Captain in Silesia" is an amusing bit of gossip, very appropriate at the present time, when that part of Germany has been brought prominently under notice. Mr. Mortimer Collins writes, in the burlesque style, a masque on the subject of "Iphis"—a clever freak of pleasantry, with a true poetical feeling in it too. "Cowardice and Courage" is one of those Montaigne-like essays which we often find in this miscellany; but we read an article on the same subject in the same publication a few months ago. An extremely interesting account of "Timbuctoo," compiled from various authorities, is next given. That mysterious mid-African city, of which Tennyson, when a college student, wrote a fine poem—a poem known to very few, but from which three or four lines are here quoted—is very well described, the rather squalid facts being contrasted with the splendid fables which formerly prevailed with respect to it. The number winds up with an article on "The History of the Irish Church," the maintenance of which (the Protestant Church, of course, is meant) is earnestly advocated by the writer.

The *Month* has not many articles on which we can comment. "The Art of War" is a review of Colonel Hamley's work on that subject. In "Audi Alteram Partem," we have some further remarks on a matter treated in previous numbers—viz., the alleged want of communication between the Roman Catholics in workhouses and prisons and their priests. "The Hostess of Silvio Pellico" is an agreeable paper on a sweet-natured and admirable Italian patriot; and the rest of the number is made up of the continued stories and notices of books.

The *Churchman's Family Magazine*, though not losing sight of the clerical interests which it aims to represent, has always some genial papers of a secular kind, which those who do not care to enter the somewhat vexed ecclesiastical field may find pleasure in perusing. Of these is the first article in the present number, called "Calvados, a Holiday Sketch." It is a description of a district of Normandy, called "Calvados," after a certain ship of the Spanish Armada which was wrecked on the coast in 1588. The old connection between this country and Normandy renders that part of France very interesting to all Englishmen; and the sketch in question presents a lively picture of the region to which the writer has given his attention. The Rev. Prebendary Jackson continues from a former number his "Reminiscences of Old Yorkshire Life and Manners"—a series full of singular memories of a bygone or vanishing state of things. "Servants v. Mistresses, by a Lady," contains some sensible observations, but nothing that has not been said a great many times before. "A Village Sketch" is a little tale, apparently founded on fact, of North Devon rural life; and the other articles consist, for the most part, of papers touching on religion.

Miss Cobbe contributes an allegorical tale called "Alured" to *Temple Bar*. Among the other papers are two very seasonable articles on "Surrey" and "Cantyre"—the latter having reference to grouse-

shooting. The sketches of "Modern Eccentrics" are continued, and so are the serial stories.

A paper on Bourges, by Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes, with some interesting woodcuts, gives a grace to the current number of the *Argosy*, which has, besides, some good articles, stories, and poems. The *St. James's Magazine* has a pleasant piece of antiquarianism on "Beds and Bedsteads." The *Victoria Magazine* discusses the question of granting the franchise to women—of course from a woman's point of view. *London Society* smells of the moor and the sea-side, as such a periodical in August should. Among the illustrations is a sketch by Gustave Doré, representing the genius of Venice. We must also allude to the exceedingly curious representations of old London buildings and localities accompanying Mr. Mark Lemon's "Up and down the London Streets." *Good Words* is full of agreeable illustrations and varied reading; but of the woodcuts in the *Sunday Magazine* we cannot say much.

We have also received the *Sixpenny Magazine*, the *Day of Rest*, the *Sunday Reader*, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Sunday at Home*, the *British Controversialist*, the *Baptist Magazine*, the *Floral World*, the *Household*, *Merry and Wise*, the *Boy's Own Magazine*, the *Boy's Monthly Magazine*, the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, and the *Young Englishwoman*.

SHORT NOTICES.

Thucydides, done into English. By Richard Crawley. Book I. (Oxford and London: James Parker & Co.)—It is difficult to understand why this translation of the first book of Thucydides has been published. The translator, who has views in which we quite concur as to his duties, entertained the idea of giving ordinary readers a popular rendering of the great Greek historian. But, for some reason not explained, he did not complete his task, yet decided to publish the portion he had finished. It is therefore unnecessary to criticize it in detail, though we may observe that, should the writer be encouraged to finish his work, he would do well to add notes in justification of his renderings of disputed passages, and even some few maps and plans to illustrate the events of the great fratricidal war of antiquity. He might also with advantage aim at a more accurate English style, for one regrets to meet with such colloquialisms as "each tribe readily abandoning their homes," in the course of an agreeably flowing narrative.

The Art Journal for August (Virtue & Co.)—Three very charming steel plates adorn the current number of this elegant periodical. The first, entitled "Hush! he sleeps!" is engraved by J. Franck, from the picture by J. H. S. Mann, and represents a young mother bending over her sleeping infant, and enjoining silence on some one whom we may suppose to be entering at the door. The second is M. Muller's picture of "The Fountain," admirably engraved by Mr. Cousen—a beautiful bit of Italian wayside life, and an excellent specimen of the modern French school of painting. The third is the figure representing "The Muse of Painting," sculptured by Mr. Foley, and forming part of the monument to the late James Ward, R.A. Nothing can be more graceful than this figure, and the sculpture is admirably represented in the light and delicate engraving of Mr. R. A. Artlett. Mr. James Dafforne continues his articles on "The Modern Painters of Belgium," and furnishes some account of Florent Willems, with three specimens of his works. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall give us their reminiscences of Wordsworth; the papers on "The Paradise of Artists" (Italy), and "Historical Devices and Badges," are continued; and other essays of interest are scattered about the number—notably one on the art process, commonly supposed to have been photography, practised, about 1777 or 1780, at Messrs. Boulton & Watt's works at Soho, near Birmingham. The writer of the paper (Mr. George Wallis, of the South Kensington Museum) denies that the pictures recently discovered are photographs; but his paper—which is to be continued—is too elaborate for us to do more than direct the reader's attention to it, as a curious discussion of a curious subject. Mr. Philip Gilbert Homerton's remarks on cloud-forms, with illustrative drawings, should also be noticed, as interesting and suggestive.

The Contemporary Review for August. (Strahan.)—The second volume of the Emperor Napoleon's "Life of Julius Cæsar" is reviewed by the Rev. C. Merivale, B.D.—certainly a very competent authority on such a subject; and in dealing with the Imperial work he seems to have shown great impartiality and judgment. The Rev. Brooke Westcott concludes his article on "The Myths of Plato;" and Mr. R. St. J. Tyrwhitt writes a paper on "Millais and Doré," in which some sensible remarks are made on the defects of the latter artist, who, by the way, has the article pretty nearly to himself. "The Poetical Feeling for External Nature" is discussed by Mr. Edward Dowden; and "The Cambridge Classical Tripos" is the subject of some criticism by the Rev. Thomas Markby. The other subjects are ecclesiastical or religious, and consist of "Cathedral Life and Cathedral Reform," "The Social and Sanitary Laws of Moses," and "Church Vestments."

The Eclectic for August (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder) contains articles on "Sir Thomas Browne," "Mr. and Mrs. Baker's Nile Journey," "Miss Rossetti's Poems," "The Last Historic Doubt: Louis XVII.," and "Mozley on Miracles." The number is up to the usual mark of this unpretending periodical.

Nimmo's Popular Tales. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.)—This is the second volume of a series of short tales adapted for railway reading. They are very well suited to their purpose.

We have also received Part X. of the new edition of Brande's *Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art* (Longmans & Co.);—Part XXXV. of Mr. Watts's *Dictionary of Chemistry* (Same Publishers); Part III. No. 3 of the *Sessional Papers*, 1865-6, of the Royal Institute of British Architects;—*Letters on Financial Subjects*, by "Brutus Britannicus," the greater part reprinted from the *Daily Telegraph* (F. & G. N. Spon);—and *Speech of H. Hussey Vivian, Esq., M.P., F.G.S., on the Coal Question*, delivered in the House of Commons, Tuesday, June 12th, 1866 (Ridgway).

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE New York literary journal, the *Round Table*, advocates the establishment of a "Literary Exchange, or bureau for the sale and purchase of literary wares." It says the field is very broad and entirely unoccupied, while the promise of pecuniary reward appears to be very great. The only attempt that has ever, in the faintest degree, approached to the plan we have in mind was made by the late Mr. Park Benjamin, who was flooded with manuscripts and with literary commissions of every conceivable kind. The same journal goes on to say that, as a commencement, "a small club could be organized, to be known as the Association for the Encouragement of American Writers, which would have little difficulty in perfecting arrangements for an exchange. Rooms should be secured in some central locality—central to the publishers—where literary characters or publishers would find it pleasant to call. Papers and magazines should be kept on file, and there should be desks for writing, and rooms especially for conversation." Careful criticism and valuation of MSS. should be the task of competent persons whose judgment would be correct, and for whose services good salaries should be paid. In this novel institution, journals are to be provided with editors, libraries with librarians, publishers with writers, and societies with lecturers. The youthful dreams which used to arise from a contemplation of those old pictures of the Royal Exchange or the Paris Bourse, where the merchants of all countries, in their national and variously-coloured costumes, moved through the throng of money-makers and struck bargains—now with a Laplander, in snow shoes and sealskin, for narwhale oil, and then with a Chinaman or a Persian grandee for silks or spices—have appeared again in this proposed literary exchange. The division and classification of books and writers into so many chambers and literary bins, gives a promise of mercantile order and factory-like precision which reminds one of Curll's hired writers busy in the rooms above his shop, and who, we may suppose, were occasionally greeted up the master's call-pipe with peremptory demands for "copy."

The last number of the *Owl* for the present season appeared on Wednesday. It is mainly composed of prose and poetical trifles concerning Mr. Edmond Beales. It is understood that Mr. Baillie Cochrane is one of the most energetic contributors and gatherers of intelligence for this fashionable sheet.

The French paper, *L'Evenement*, recently offered a copy of Victor Hugo's last work to all subscribers who should put their names down for the year. In one week they found themselves called upon to supply 7,700 copies, and it was necessary they should be delivered within forty-eight hours. The publishers, Messrs. Lacroix, had sold the entire edition; but the well known printers, Messrs. Lahure & Co., undertook the contract, and performed it to the time agreed upon. A French writer remarks that the three volumes contained 62 sheets of 16 pages each, which, multiplied by 7,700 copies, gave 477,400 sheets, and 7,638,400 pages; or, by measurement, 286,440 yards.

The "Spurgeon Jest-Book," announced by us some time since, has been reproduced in New York, under the title of "Five Hundred and Ninety-five Pulpit Pungencies." No name is given, and the people of New York have come to the conclusion that Henry Ward Beecher is the author, or editor. This is how the compiler expresses himself in the preface:—"I think that the minister of God has *carte blanche* liberty to touch man's mirthfulness, even, so far as by so doing he can help them toward the right and away from the wrong. I regard all this superstitious, unsmiling Christianity, as a relic of old Vandal times." There are some strange things in the book; as, for instance, at p. 123, where it says that "the Almighty gunner never shoots unless there is good game," and at p. 248, where a nursery scene is depicted, with the great globe as the cradle, and God, the kind nurse, rocking it with his foot.

Mr. Ernest Edwards is commencing the publication of a new series of large-sized photographs of "Men of the Time;" the size of each portrait will be 11 inches by 9 inches. Professors Owen, Darwin, Froude, Phillips, and others, have already sat, and the price of each portrait will be very moderate—viz., 7s. 6d.

The sale of the second portion of the library of the late Rev. Dr. Maitland, F.A.S., F.S.A., concludes to-day. Dr. Maitland will be remembered as the former librarian and keeper of the MSS. to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and as the author of numerous theological works. The library was rich in versions of the Holy Scriptures, critical and expository works, Fathers of the Church, histories of the Church, sects, heresies, &c., and contained many books on mesmerism, occult science, and popular superstition. Numerous copies of Dr. Maitland's various works (some privately printed) were disposed of during the sale. On the last day, a library of foreign theology, from a monastic institution at Alcobaca, was put up.

An enthusiastic correspondent of a London daily paper recently wrote concerning another literary gentleman, whose letters to the *Times* most persons have read—Mr. W. H. Russell—that he was the well-known author of that delightful composition, "Cheer, Boys, cheer!" the music to which had also been composed by him. This is almost as amusing as the paragraph in a late number of *Once a Week*, which, in the course of some biographical reminiscences of the celebrated Franklin, remarks:—"A few days afterwards, he embarked with Richard at Havre for America, and, as is more generally known as a matter of history, upon his return to Philadelphia was elected Governor of that State, and shortly afterwards President of the United States of America." We can imagine how Americans will stare at these "fresh biographical particulars."

Mr. Tarbutt, the gentleman who we believe travels with Bunyan's works as his sole professional duties, deriving a respectable living from their sale, has recently discovered some very interesting facts relative to the immortal author of "The Pilgrim's Progress." A copy of "Christian Behaviour" has been found by Mr. Tarbutt, eleven years older than any other copy known; and lately he has fallen in with "Some Gospel Truths Opened," by the same author, which was first published in the town of Newport Pagnell, Bucks. This, and the little volume previously mentioned are, Mr. Tarbutt thinks, the only

original editions of Bunyan's works published out of London. The late Mr. George Offor did not possess either of the books mentioned.

There have been some new appointments at the British Museum. Mr. Reid—who was for four-and-twenty years employed under the two last Keepers—has succeeded to the Keepership of the Prints and Drawings, vacated by the death of Mr. Carpenter; and Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole—a gentleman well-known in the literary circles as a learned writer on Biblical antiquities—has been promoted Assistant-Keeper of the Department of Coins and Medals, with which he has been for some years connected.

On Thursday, "Barry Cornwall's" (Mr. Procter's) new *Life of Charles Lamb* was subscribed to the trade by Messrs. Moxon & Co. The preface opens thus:—"In my seventy-seventh year, I have been invited to place on record my recollections of Charles Lamb. I am, I believe, the only man now surviving who knew much of the excellent 'Elia.' Assuredly I knew him more intimately than any other existing person, during the last seventeen or eighteen years of his life." And this is the last paragraph of Mr. Procter's introductory page:—"No harm—possibly some benefit—will accrue to anyone who may consent to extend his acquaintance to one of the rarest and most delicate of the Humourists of England." A glance at the table of contents shows the "new matter" contained in the work. Anecdotes of Southey, Coleridge, Jem White, Charles Lloyd, Dyer, Manning, and all those friends of the "gentle Elia" with whom Tal'ourd has made us acquainted in his delightful "Memorials," crop up in every page. The very quaint, full-length portrait of Lamb, by Brook Pulham, is mentioned in the course of the work. It was rather before 1827, when Lamb moved into a small "gamboge-coloured house" at Enfield, remarks Mr. Procter, "that a very clever caricature of him had been designed and engraved ('scratched on copper,' as the artist termed it), by Mr. Brook Pulham. It is still extant; and although somewhat ludicrous and hyperbolic in the countenance and outline, it certainly renders a likeness of Charles Lamb. The nose is monstrous, and the limbs are dwarfed and attenuated." Lamb himself, in a letter to Bernard Barton (10th August, 1827), adverts to it in these terms:—"Tis a little sixpenny thing: too like by half, in which the draughtsman has done his best to avoid flattery." Very amusing is Mr. Procter's account of poor George Dyer's mishap in walking in broad daylight into the New River. Our author happened to call in Colebrook Row an hour after the accident.

With respect to an international copyright law, which some American journals assured us a short time since was in preparation at Washington, a high literary authority in New York remarks:—"The question of international copyright seems to have fallen to the ground in Congress, and, instead of providing for the rights of foreign authors, measures are being taken to deprive them of the little revenue they now enjoy, arising from the sale of imported books, by increasing the duties on books to a useless and absurd figure. 25 per cent. *ad valorem*, in addition to 20 cents per pound by weight, is a duty which will effectually destroy the book trade. It plays into the hands of a few publishers, whose chief business is pirating English books, and is especially severe on students and literary men, who are thus deprived of books which are necessities to them, and cannot be reprinted here."

We regret to announce the decease of Mr. George Virtue, of the well-known publishing firm, and for many years an active member of the Society of Antiquaries.

"The Exiles' Library" is the title given to a curious collection of works—some very violent (politically violent), others profane, and a few very immoral, but all with evidences of genius—which has appeared openly in Brussels and covertly in Paris. The brilliant poesies and essays of poor Alfred de Musset, and the daring verses of mad Baudelaire, besides epigrammatic flings and merry conceits from the pen of Victor Hugo, are in the collection. The editors scorn official sanction, and make bold to say that they prefer starvation, and the right of free expression in a foreign city, to affluence and the other rewards of obedience to Government at home. A very few copies of some of the works have appeared here; but the extreme freedom of thought and speech which the "exiles" have allowed themselves will always render their works more fit for the top than the bottom shelves of libraries in this country.

The new novel by Miss Braddon, announced by us, a short time since, as recently published by an American firm, Messrs. Hilton & Co., of New York, is repudiated by the authoress of "Lady Audley's Secret." A very sarcastic notice of the work having appeared in the *New York Round Table*, Miss Braddon has addressed a remonstrance to the editor, from which the following is an extract:—"I have been favoured with a copy of your journal for July 14, 1866. In it I perceive that you review, as written by me, a novel entitled 'What is the Mystery?' published in New York by Messrs. Hilton & Co. Allow me to say, in reply, that I never wrote a novel with the title given, and that I have never had any correspondence with its publishers, who, nevertheless, announce their book as printed from my 'advance sheets,' and who also characterize the work as 'Miss Braddon's latest and best.' It may be—I hope it is not—in accordance with American notions of literary fair-dealing to make these positively false statements. Messrs. Hilton & Co. may derive profit from them; but the true interests of literature and its commerce cannot be served by such audacious mendacity. I trust the day will never come when English publishers shall fall into imitation of the course pursued by Messrs. Hilton & Co. in the publication of 'What is the Mystery?' . . . Should such trading ever arise in England, then, perhaps, American statesmen will see the urgent necessity for an international copyright to protect the characters of American writers from the outrageous dishonesty into which unrestrained literary piracy can degenerate."

Messrs. HURST & BLACKETT have ready a new story by the author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids," entitled "Lords and Ladies," 3 vols. Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, & Co. have in the Press—"Reminiscences of Bengal Civilian," by William Edwards, Esq.; also a second edition, new text and enlarged, with illustrations, of "The Sporting Rifle and its Projectiles," by Lieut. James Forsyth, of the Bengal Staff Corps.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Althaus (J.). On Galvanism in Treatment of Paralysis. 4th edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Atlantic Telegraph (The): its History, &c. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Bank (The) of England and the Organization of Credit in England. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
 Baker (T.). Formulæ for Candidates for Examinations. 12mo., 2s.
 Bernays (A.). German Reader. 8th edit. 12mo., 5s.
 Bohn's Standard Library.—Emerson's (R. W.) Works. Vol. II. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Bradshaw's Guide to the Tyrol, 1866. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Chambers' Educational Course.—Electricity, by R. M. Ferguson. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Coote (H. C.). Practice of the Court of Probate. 5th edit. 8vo., 24s.
 Critical English Testament (The), by Rev. W. L. Blackly and J. Haines. Vol. II. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Dick (H.) on Gleet: its Pathology and Treatment. 2nd edit. 8vo., 5s. 6d.
 Dowling (C. H.). Iron Work: Formulæ and Rules. 12mo., 1s.
 Ecce Homo. 6th edit. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Eden (Hon. Emily), Up the Country. 2nd edit. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
 Eloit (C. N.). Synopsis of Heraldry. Feap., 3s.
 Flack (Capt.). The Prairie Hunter. 12mo., 2s.
 Hume and Smollett's History of England. New edit. Vol. XVII. 12mo., 4s.
 Locke (J.) on the Game Laws. 5th edit. 12mo., 10s. 6d.
 Match Shooting with the Enfield Rifle. Feap., 1s.
 Monsell (J. S. B.). Hymns of Love and Praise for the Church's Year. 2nd edit. Feap., 3s. 6d.
 Newman (E.). Dictionary of British Birds. 8vo., 12s.
 Pick (E.) on Memory. 4th edit. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Railway Library.—Gilderoy, by R. S. Fittis. Feap., 2s.
 Ruff's Guide to the Turf: Summer Edition, 1866. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
 Select Library of Fiction.—The Macdermotts of Ballycloran, by A. Trollope. Feap., 2s.
 Shakespeare. Handy Volume Edition. Vol. III. 32mo., 1s.
 Smith, Elder, & Co.'s Shilling Series.—Grey's Court, by Lady Chatterton. Feap., 1s.
 Temple Bar. Vol. XVII. 8vo., 5s. 6d.
 Thompson (D'Arcy W.). Scale Novæ; or, Ladder to Latin. 12mo., 4s. 6d.
 Thrice His: a Tale. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.

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The Armistice.—The Hyde-Park Squabble.—Our Outer Line of Defence.—The Cobden Club.—The Affairs of India.—Morganatic Marriages.—Doctors and Bogy Doctors.—The Atlantic Telegraph.—The Sea-side.—The Complete Smasher.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

FINE ARTS:—The Institute of British Architects.—Boston School of Art.—Music.

SCIENCE.

MONEY AND COMMERCE:—The Money Market.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

Mazzini.—The Australian Colonies.—Female Jail-Birds.—Books of Poems.—Scotch Essays on Religious Questions.—The Old Testament Revised.—French Literature.—The Quarterly Reviews.—Short Notices.

Literary Gossip.

List of New Publications for the Week.

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MR. ALFRED MELLON has the honour to announce that his Annual Series of Concerts will commence at the ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, on MONDAY, August 6th.

PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS. The FELLOWS of the ROYAL SOCIETY are hereby informed that the First Part of the PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS, Vol. CLVI., for the year 1866, is now published, and ready for delivery on application at the Office of the Society in Burlington House, daily, between the hours of 10 and 4.

WALTER WHITE, Assistant-Secretary, R.S. Burlington House, August 4th, 1866.

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